

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

NOVEMBER 15, 1927

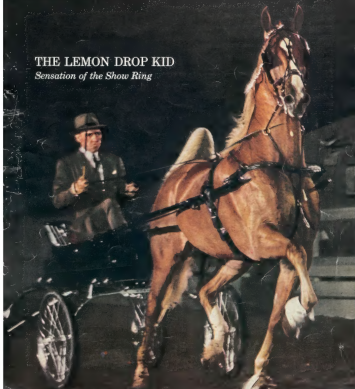
America's National Sports Weekly

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THE LEMON DROP KID

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Pepsi-Cola
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See Mary McPartland in
"Antarctic Year Club"
page 10 column 1, NBC-TV,
Washington, D.C., Nov. 27.



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What's suede leather to me, you say? What do I care about suede when after I wear it a couple of times it becomes soiled and there's precious little I can do about it.

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NOVEMBER 11, 1957
Volume 7, Number 20

At the top of the page 12

COVER: THE LEMON DROP KID
Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

The haughty five harness horse on the cover is the greatest of his kind ever to tread the turf. But behind his highly successful present career with Jay Uta, his trainer, who is driving him here, in a near-out-of-the-past. For more about this sensational show horse, see page 49.

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THE BIG AUTO RACE

Detroit's chauffeurs gamble \$7.5 billion on the 1958 race as Chevy fights to regain industry leadership from Ford. By KENNETH RUDGEMAN

FOOTBALL IN THE BACKYARD

The high school game in COLOR, with a report on its light and serious sides

THE SCRUTABLE EAST

From Tokyo HERBERT WARREN WING tells how Japan's golfers won the Canada Cup

IT BELONGED TO THE COACHES

Mosters made more sense than players in many of the month's week's games

DECISION OUT OF CONFUSION

The horse race of the year is finally coming off at Garden State

THE KING OF FINE HARNESS

A great horse, The Lemon Drop Kid, wins again at Kewanee City; but General Meritino gets controlled at Harrisburg. By ALICE HOOKING

EARLY AMERICA'S SPORTING ART

In COLOR, the best of the famous Garbisch collection of primitives

THE JOCKEY CLUB: 65 MEN AND THE HORSE

The story of racing's most exclusive—and misunderstood—club

THE DEPARTMENTS

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NEXT WEEK

**THE TEN SECRETS
OF BOWLING**

World Champion Don Carter and Artist Anthony Ravioli present a scientific guide that will mean strikes for 20 million U.S. bowlers

PLUS:

TEX MAULE TELLS THE REAL REASONS WHY OKLAHOMA IS UNBEATABLE IN FOOTBALL



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Art by John Jones

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ATTENTION, SKIERS!

It may be too early to be snowbound but we're bound for snow. And that means that the first of the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** special ski editions comes this month with the November 26 issue. And that means that every week thereafter, all skiing season long, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will be bringing you the best in ski reporting—on the people who ski, how to ski, the places to ski and the prospects for skiing; on what to buy, what to wear and where to go to get it.

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POWERBOAT RESULTS

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**AMERICAN POWER BOAT
ASSOCIATION TITLISTS**

STOCK OUTBOARD

Held at Waukegan, Ill., Aug. 27-28

CLASS JUMBOABOUT: Tiger Petric, Annapolis, Md.

CLASS AU RUNABOUT: Doug Chenoweth, Xenia, Ohio.

CLASS BU RUNABOUT: Jack Hall, Pittsburgh.

CLASS CU RUNABOUT: Johnny Essmigh, Grand Haven, Mich.

CLASS DU RUNABOUT: Skip Foster, Gross Pointe, Mich.

CLASS E RUNABOUT: Dan Schwarzenbach, Los Angeles.

CLASS A STOCK HYBRID: Dave Hoggard, Trenton, Mich.

CLASS B STOCK HYBRID: Chris Emerson Jr., West Palm Beach, Fla.

CLASS C STOCK HYBRID: Frank Goodwin, Hannon, Mass.

CLASS D STOCK HYBRID: William Hefaway, Tipp City, Ohio.

OUTBOARD

Held at McKeenport, Pa., Sept. 14-16

CLASS M OUTBOARD HYBRID: Don Whitefield, Verona, N.J.

CLASS A OUTBOARD HYBRID: Mel Kiro, Milwaukee, Ind.

CLASS E OUTBOARD HYBRID: Dave Christner, Quincy, Ill.

CLASS C OUTBOARD HYBRID: William Tenney, Crystal Bay, Minn.

CLASS B OUTBOARD HYBRID: Homer Kincaid, Carbon Cliff, Ill.

CLASS C RACING RUNABOUT: Roderic Stone, Wilmette, Ill.

CLASS C SERVICE RUNABOUT: Ellis W. W. W. W., Springfield, Ill.

CLASS F OUTBOARD HYBRID: J. B. Broadbent, Lake Wales, Fla.

UNLIMITED INBOARD REGATTAS

APPLE CUP TROPHY: Maerick, Driver Bill Stead, Owner William Waggoner of Phoenix, May 3, at Chelan, Wash.

DETROIT MEMORIAL TROPHY: Sark Grant III, Driver Fred Allen, Owner Jack Schuler of Detroit, June 22, at Detroit.

INTERNATIONAL TROPHY: Stuart Cretak, Driver/Owner Chuck Thompson of Detroit, July 14, at St. Clair, Mich.

MAPES TROPHY: Miss Helen, Driver Miss Slovick, Owner Bill Beeing Jr. of Seattle, July 29-31, at Lake Tahoe, Calif.

GOLD CUP: Miss Thiriot, Driver Bill Munsey, Owner Wilfred Rhodes of Seattle, Aug. 11, at Seattle.

BUFFALO REGATTA: Miss Superior, Driver Art Ashbury, Owner J. Gordon Thompson of London, Ont., Aug. 17-18, at Grand Island, N.Y.

continued

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



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Were you aware that in 10 seconds, a worn phonograph needle can ruin the fidelity of a record forever—as surely as if you smashed that record over the radiator?

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SCOREBOARD *continued*



Earl Warren, 67, of the United States Supreme Court, was elected to the post of chief justice of the United States by the Senate on September 21, 1953. He was the first justice to be elected to the post.

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SOCCER

The United States Soccer Federation announced that it had elected a new president, Dr. Robert W. Jones, on September 21, 1953.

HARNESS RACING

The United States Harness Racing Association announced that it had elected a new president, Dr. Robert W. Jones, on September 21, 1953.

BOXING

The United States Boxing Association announced that it had elected a new president, Dr. Robert W. Jones, on September 21, 1953.

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Victor Barno, 50, of the United States Supreme Court, was elected to the post of chief justice of the United States by the Senate on September 21, 1953.

Barno was elected to the post of chief justice of the United States by the Senate on September 21, 1953. He was the first justice to be elected to the post.

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MILEPOSTS

The United States Mileage Association announced that it had elected a new president, Dr. Robert W. Jones, on September 21, 1953.

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FEDERAL appearance is not important than...
Andrew, who donated spiky black slacks for...
homeruns outside before the Indian game.

INFORMAL wading battle between...
The Swart, 35, is a 3-2 record match between...
Dutch and Belgian performers at Antwerp.



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PRO PARADE

With the season half gone, the statistical leaders in professional football are a mélange of rank newcomers and veterans. The best passers, for instance, are fairly new to the top ranking, the receivers mostly oldtimers

INDIVIDUAL X-RAY AT MIDSEASON

LEADING GROUND-GAINERS

	Carries	Yards Gained	Longest Run	Average Gains
TOM WILSON, RAMS	97	499	48	5.1
FRANK McILHERRY, 49ERS	89	478	61	5.7
JIM BROWN, BROWNS	120	380	31	3.2
OLLIE MATSON, CARDS	76	363	38	4.8
ALEX WEBSTER, GIANTS	89	355	54	4

LEADING PASSERS

	Attempts	Comp. ¹	Total Yards	TD Passes	Average Yards
EDDIE LARABOLD, REDSKINS	34	47	791	7	10.19
TOM O'DONNELL, BROWNS	59	88	847	4	9.99
LAMAR MINTZ, CARDS	103	50	846	5	9.23
JOHN UNITAS, COLTS	107	72	836	12	8.17
BO BROWN, BEARS	103	48	830	9	8.14

LEADING PASS-RECEIVERS

	Catches	Yards Gained	Longest Gain	TDs
CLYDE CONNER, 49ERS	27	321	41	3
JACK McCLAIREN, STEELERS	24	315	38	0
ED DOOLEY, BEARS	33	311	37	0
BILL HOWTON, PACKERS	21	448	77	4
JOHN CARSON, REDSKINS	21	358	35	3
JIM MITSCHELLER, COLTS	21	346	52	1

LEADING SCORERS

	TD Runs	TD Catches	Extra Points	Field Goals	Total Points
GEORGE BLANDA, BEARS	1	0	13	8	48
JIM MITSCHELLER, COLTS	0	7	0	0	42
WILLIE GALLIMORE, BEARS	4	0	0	0	36
FRED CONE, PACKERS	2	0	14	0	36
SAM BAKER, REDSKINS	0	0	15	7	34

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Run	Yds. Pass	Pts. Comp.		Pts.	Yds. Run	Yds. Pass	Pts. Comp.
BROWNS	21	231	32	8-17	REDSKINS	17	186	58	5-12
GIANTS	31	135	153	9-23	PACKERS	17	195	184	11-20
STEELERS	19	16	170	18-35	COLTS	13	180	180	6-15
49ERS	35	154	186	21-38	LIONS	27	187	271	29-38
EAGLES	38	104	199	13-31	CARDS	31	33	341	17-32
BEARS	18	78	127	14-29	PILGRIMS	10	84	79	14-24

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN DIVISION					WESTERN DIVISION				
	Win	Loss	Tied	Pct.		Win	Loss	Tied	Pct.
CLEVELAND	5	1	0	.833	SAN FRANCISCO	5	1	0	.833
NEW YORK	4	2	2	.667	BALTIMORE	3	3	0	.500
PITTSBURGH	4	2	0	.667	DETROIT	2	3	0	.400
CHICAGO CARDS	3	4	0	.429	GREEN BAY	1	4	0	.200
WASHINGTON	3	4	0	.429	LOS ANGELES	2	4	0	.333
PHILADELPHIA	1	4	0	.200	CHICAGO	1	4	0	.200

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for games of

Saturday, November 9

★ **Michigan State**—**Notre Dame**. Each team has been downed once. Irish were out-thrudded by the Midwestern Spartans seem to have regained poise after Purdue defeat. **MICHIGAN STATE**

★ **Wry-Duke**. Regional TV game. Blue Devils were surprised and humiliated by young Yellow Jackets in Atlanta. Midshipmen played best game to date at South Bend. Duke will come roaring back, but, NAVY.

★ **Ohio State**—**Purdue**. Regional TV game. Blow-starting Bademeers have found themselves while Badcoys continue to roll. They had better not look past Purdue to Iowa. Nonetheless, I'd take OHIO STATE.

★ **Tennessee**—**Georgia Tech**. Vols have swept everything before them since 6-7 opening-day defeat by Auburn. Yellow Jackets, although twice beaten, pack a wallop. Ask Duke. In a close one, to the most experienced team. **TENNESSEE**.

★ **Texas A&M**—**Gardner-Whitfield**. Aided and abetted by Longhorn fumbles the Mustangs dumped Texas as the Aggies continued undefeated. A solid vote to John Crow & Co. **TEXAS A&M**.

★ **Auburn**—**Miss. State**. Without flash and fanfare the Tigers have continued their all-winning ways. Maroons, with the dangerous Stacey at quarterback, are the biggest hurdle left. Tiger depth will tell the tale. **AUBURN**.

★ **Iowa**—**Minnesota**. Hawkeyes went all out in second-half surge against Wolverines to escape with a tie. Their ruckling defeat is unprecedented. Twice-beaten Gophers have the potential, but, IOWA.

★ **Missouri**—**Oklahoma**. Old Minns has come a long way under new Coach Broyles while Sooners lack a little of the spark of previous teams. Still they are untied, undefeated and practically invited. Ho hum. **OKLAHOMA**.

ALSO:

Army over Utah
Oregon State over California
Southern over Columbia
Baylor over Cornell
Florida over Georgia
Princeton over Harvard
Kansas State over Kansas
Mississippi over Louisiana State
Minnesota over Northwestern
Oregon over Washington
Tulsa over Penn
Pitt over West Virginia
Arkansas over Rice
Stanford over USC
Syracuse over Holy Cross
Texas over Baylor
Vanderbilt over Kentucky

Last week's hunches:
15 right, 8 wrong, 2 ties
Record in date: 119-55-9

PIGSKIN PANORAMA

It was a week when the first rough (Maffei of Kansas) tossed in the towel, ex-haliback Eisenhower saw Army play and Bud Wilkinson was his 160th game at Oklahoma

THE EAST

Yale and Dartmouth exchanged touchdowns in the frantic last moments of the half game, tied at New Haven 14-14. Yale, which shattered the proud Dartmouth line, took the lead on a wide-open pass with one minute, 38 seconds remaining. At this, Dartmouth hit the panic button, covered 58 yards in five pass plays (and one enormous 15-yard penalty), to score with 18 seconds on the clock and preserve its unbeaten record and a golden chance at an Ivy League championship (see page 41).

Spartans, badly over its loss to Penn State, gave Pittsburgh its fourth whacking of the season, downing the favored Panthers 24-21. Ben Schwartzwalder's head-and-butler runners turned to pass and a field goal, of all things, to recoup a bit of tarnished prestige.

In role and mood, Amherst wallowed past Tufts in a match of New England's last unbeaten 19-6. Mark McLean, Amherst's gifted All-American third baseman, slipped for 139 yards and two touchdowns to lead the Lord Jeffs to their sixth straight. New they likely will go into the final game at Williams undefeated (see page 23).

THE SOUTH

Georgia Tech finally came alive and whipped the whey out of previously unbeaten Duke 33-0 in an extra-conference contest. Duke's old-fashioned ground-gulping style was stopped at a paltry 64 yards, while the more-sophisticated Tech backs tramped around for 332. The upset raised a gliver of hope for the Engineers to play their seventh consecutive postseason game but did nothing to damage Duke's plans for New Year's afternoon in the Orange Bowl as the ACC representative (see page 41).

Auburn held its resort at the top of the Southeast Conference, turned back the eager Johnnie-come-lateliers from Florida 13-0. As usual, Auburn's defenses were tops until the third-strings went in midway in the third period. Florida had achieved only two first downs.

THE MIDWEST

While hoots and catcalls fell follow on its ears, Iowa ran out the clock, played for the 21-21 tie that all but knocked Michigan out of the Rose Bowl picture. Iowa, fighting to take its first game from the Wolverines since 1924, used an unbalanced line and piled up nearly twice the yardage of Michigan. However, Michigan was good at the right time, namely during 10 minutes of the second period, scoring after two pass interceptions and an Am

Pace's 45-yard punt return (see page 41).

Meanwhile, Ohio State cracked along nicely, rouncing Northwestern worse than anyone else has 47-6. Halfback Don Clark, on his way to 127 rushing yards and four touchdowns, so shook up the Wildcats that they went into a star-man line with two linebackers. The maneuver was a half attempt to lure Ohio State into passing. The Badcoys, skilled, gained 111 yards and scored two touchdowns in the air.

Notre Dame fans, who had begun to name a giddy dream, sat bolt upright as Navy thrashed the Irish 39-6. Fullback Ray Williams was the bad news; he scored all three Middle touchdowns (see page 41).

THE SOUTHWEST

Halfback John Crow, who is about as easy to tackle as a horse, ran wild through the Ozarks to lead Texas A&M over Arkansas 7-6. Crow played like a genuine All-American, rushing for 116 yards and a touchdown against a superb Razorback line and in the last minute intercepted an Arkansas pass at his own goal.

Texas had trouble hanging on to the ball, too, nearly fumbling to A&M and suffered its first Southwest Conference setback 19-12. Mustang Quarterback Dan Muedrich, starting for the first time, tossed two touchdown passes and scored once himself. Texas' designs to beat A&M in the Cotton Bowl are dim now indeed. It will wait play Baylor and Texas Christian, as well as the Aggies.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Utah Quarterback Lee Grosscup put on an astonishing show, threw 12 passes into a swirling blizzard, completed 12 of them as the Utes demolished Colorado State 55-8. Utah thus held its claim as King of the Mountains.

THE FAR WEST

Oregon, which 37 years ago suffered a 7-6 Rose Bowl sniping at the hands of Harvard, virtually insured itself something of a worse fate next January by beating Stanford 27-21. In a near-perfect ball game—no fumbles, no interceptions—the Webelos was on the strength of Jack Morris' three punts after touchdown (see page 41).

Hang on the ropes by two straight losses, Oregon State bounced up to throw a knockout punch at Washington State 25-20. Oregon State upped its well-grounded attack with a few timely punts which more than offset the brilliant punting of Cougar Quarterback Bob Newman. Newman completed 17 of 35 for 343 yards. But that wasn't enough.

FROM THE FLYWAYS

H: house H: house F: fence up T: temperature
 GP: empty flight FF: full flight GF: good flight
 EX: excellent flight Q199: used to fly airlines WC:
 woman check her check BW: big man, another WY:
 just because FG: fast getting GC: good to know
 ED: excellent evening GP: without good LB: last
 last last GC: excellent good GWE: excellent very good
 GE: much, upper or speech

S&B, HAWK-PHILL. HF of green and black duck (e Crest Bay area on coast, but bird flights yet to come, PG island as drought has dried up many ponds and marshes. OG, however, in coastal waters with GPM.

SEASON: **EF** of geese reported in Champlain Valley where they are generally expected in three waves: one about now, one late November, one late December. **EW** holding down bags, but **WG** near Champlain Waterfowl Management Area at Addison, Putney and Bristol.

SPRINK ISLAND: SEI Nov. 6 and OGI for blue-bills with estimated 9,000 birds in Narragansett Bay along with 4,000 wilgeon and 2,000 sand. NP of native Mergansers near Wooden Pond and in inlets of Narragansett Bay; OGI.

CONSERVATION: Hunters still waiting for GIP of northern blacks and GRW but GIP available now. Last week Oliver LaPlante of Essex, shooting guide on Connecticut River, reported 42 birds downed in three days by his hunting parties. Bags include native blacks, widgeon, bluewing teal and canvasbacks. LaPlante believes state breeding program is improving quality.

lard supply. **Wheeler** still building up on Long Island Sound from Danford south. **400** although **400W** would be welcome.

RELEVANCE: 900 Nov. 1 in drifting net/yeast made for ducks, not duckling. Most gannets stopped home soaked after an hour. GSE, however, as early autumn stage dark population, 22,000, is prevailing. GSE for bluffs, pinnales and mudflats in Bayview River marshes, none of which are state-owned and open to public gaming. GSE also in areas near Honey Bay National Wildlife Refuge and near Leipzig, north of Denver.

MAINLAND: NOV. 7 and final check shows 157 blackbirds, mallards, geese, and about 150 shorebirds present in most wetlands of the Eastern Shore. GYGs and EGs reported, particularly in Chester River area. BWB has showed arrival of diving ducks. Some reports of ruddy turnstones on Sassaquoianna Flats, but very few redheads. **blackbirds** in port. Sparks, buzz, shrikes and hooded mergansers, blue jays, blue birds, and robins are abundant. **blackbirds** are the most needed to chase birds off water within range of shore blinds. **blackbirds** are well distributed through several swamplands of Eastern Shore and EG reported in Florida.

SALEM/PP1-814 Nov. 2 with overflood water conditions after autumn rains. KF during in North Reservoir, Wolf Lake and along Mississippi River from Hollier County northward. Expected KF of *maillards* has yet to materialize but local neochambers maintain OVC.

North Carolina: 54 Nov. 7 and OG through BW showing duck influx. c.800 birds, including teal, gadwalls, pintails, shovellers and mallards in residence at Bear Island State

Wildlife Refuge, but nearby states report **FW**. Hunter-Gunner area, which includes thousands of acres of public shooting grounds, advises **FW/GS** of mallards and highest water levels in six years expected to hold birds. **OG** for hunters, with several thousand birds already in state and federal releases on Sacramento.

widow. HW: looking good, in water and holding bags down. Hookers still sailing into Horizon Marsh. EF: widgoon and mallards along Mississippi River. GDM: needed to improve shooting.

WATERLARK: OUE/GC with GSW Insect. 18,900 darks, half of three **millars**, concentrating at Tawhewog Relays with 9,500 gsw. Northern half of state reports FF of **blues** and growing trail, **ranunculus**, **redheads**, **god-walks** and **widgers**. Likely spots include Canton Reservoir, Great Salt Plain, Grand Lake, Butah Lake, Lake Tecoma, Minkettee Lake, Fort Gibson Reservoir, Arkansas River from Tulsa to Fort Smith, Ark. and Cimarron River above Oklahoma City.

STAT. OVG with GDW expected this week and EF of shuflo reported in Great Salt Lake news. Agent reports lady wildflowers becoming very numerous at North State Gun Club and at other gun clubs as dark-birding handsome dark distal complaints about being dark widows. All Nov. 4.

VENUE: EP/EG for marshhawks, mallards, wren, grouse and hawks in Malheur public shooting grounds. Hammer Lake public shooting grounds—great horned owls, grouse and knowing gamers are feeding on ducks and snags. Knowing, warden informant, means staying away from levee, which is studded with wild shooters, and wandering off into nearby marshland where birds are plentiful and less spooky. OGL.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

D under slight, really N water normal height 000
 slightly high N high VH very high M under mod.
 e L low N rising 000000 over 00 00, coming
 down 0000 falling very good 00 falling from 00 -
 falling poor 000 medium poor 0000 medium very
 good 000000 high 000 medium poor

BLACK BASS: SPENDING TIME—BIG for month ahead, PIT now at Cranberry Lake in Ramsey County where early morning and late evening anglers are taking big fish on poppers and Jitterbugs.

newsman; PG-10G in Watts Bar Lake between Knoxville and Chattanooga. Top-water lure popping at night. Live bait during day. Last week C. H. Oates of Oak Ridge afforded a good example of current prospects when he whipped a 3-pound 12-ounce largemouth at the mouth of Little Emory River in Watts Bar Lake.

immature FFA in *Stizocystis* "bottoms," a damp area of low woods and bakes, as heavy discharge of water from Glenada Stream has encouraged him to 8 pounds to take top-water hares.

GLADE AREA: FG in Glade (transverse) area. Glade area where Glade Slim Corbin reports largemouths around edges of islands and over peatbog/moss are harassed and attacking plugs. FG also in Chewlston area where fish in heavy cover under season and marked etc.

at Cape Matthews on 30-pound test line. The fish was 1 foot 1 inch in length, 38 inches in girth and the International Game Fish Association will be asked to recognize it as a new Women's All-Tackle World's Record. Miss Ballaw's trophy weighed almost 5 pounds more than previous women's record taken in 1952. The All-Tackle record for both men and women is an 85-pound salt caught at Cape Charles, Va. in 1945. In addition to potential record of last week, over 120 other bass were landed from along Outer Banks. Many were in 20-pound class, some over 30, and November 1955 from Nags Head to Dravache Island.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Cat mauler brings nine entries to anglers all along coast from Georgia state line north to Horry County beaches. Last week Fred Olney of Laurens and R. L. Helms of North Charleston caught the wail at Marion Key near McChesnutville. Beached five has over 35 pounds. Livestock across between Charleston and Georgetown, but regular OVG.

STEELHEAD: BRAND: FISH on main Salmon and Middle Fork of Salmon. FISH on Higgins on main Salmon on red and white Dunderberg. Anglers headquartering at Ralph at Creek Ranch on Middle Fork of Salmon building 12, on 14-point fish and swearing by Wob-L-Hite lures. Steelhead also reported in Clearwater River in northern state as far up as Grailine. **DECE.**

WATSON COLUMBIA Thompson River FHJ and getting better. Water in L and C and pools are full of subyearlings and fish. Last week, in three days, Jim Gililand and Art Agnew of Seattle caught a 33½-pound steelhead and five others almost as impressive. Two other steelheaders reported 14 fish in four days. OVG as weather holds warm and bright. Sky serene.

mounds were around Spencer Bridge and Nix-4a. Kruger and Moore (1994) and these data on tributaries must be counted as serious BSGT failures.

PACIFIC SALMON: season: Off FG with chinooks to 35 pounds being taken below Brownlee Dam and at Swan Falls on Snake River.

REMARKS: CM: In coastal streams, FVG in 20-m narrow matrices where game communities dominated channel from near into Effluent Lake. Low water had prevented spawners from running into lake, but FVG from now until Thanksgiving for both alluvial and chinooks. Muskrats, Alsea and Salix rivers are choked with alluvium and siltstones are limiting on red fluorescent flatfish. Walleye and Herring troled slowly near shore. Water L and C in upper rivers and tide-water stretches after low angling until river breaks M and fish start to spawning beds.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Fish now spawning in most streams. Camplish River ran after appearing to be total dry has picked up and FG although below average. Cowichan Bay still yielding shivers to black tail spinners and humpies and some jacks, springs and gylls are also present. Fraser Bar and sloughs FG: F704 and 07041.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

3-4	10-11	12-13	14-15	16-17	18-19	20-21	22-23	24-25	26-27	28-29	30-31	32-33	34-35	36-37	38-39	40-41	42-43	44-45	46-47	48-49	50-51	52-53	54-55	56-57	58-59	60-61	62-63	64-65	66-67	68-69	70-71	72-73	74-75	76-77	78-79	80-81	82-83	84-85	86-87	88-89	90-91	92-93	94-95	96-97	98-99	100-101	102-103	104-105	106-107	108-109	110-111	112-113	114-115	116-117	118-119	120-121	122-123	124-125	126-127	128-129	130-131	132-133	134-135	136-137	138-139	140-141	142-143	144-145	146-147	148-149	150-151	152-153	154-155	156-157	158-159	160-161	162-163	164-165	166-167	168-169	170-171	172-173	174-175	176-177	178-179	180-181	182-183	184-185	186-187	188-189	190-191	192-193	194-195	196-197	198-199	200-201	202-203	204-205	206-207	208-209	210-211	212-213	214-215	216-217	218-219	220-221	222-223	224-225	226-227	228-229	230-231	232-233	234-235	236-237	238-239	240-241	242-243	244-245	246-247	248-249	250-251	252-253	254-255	256-257	258-259	260-261	262-263	264-265	266-267	268-269	270-271	272-273	274-275	276-277	278-279	280-281	282-283	284-285	286-287	288-289	290-291	292-293	294-295	296-297	298-299	300-301	302-303	304-305	306-307	308-309	310-311	312-313	314-315	316-317	318-319	320-321	322-323	324-325	326-327	328-329	330-331	332-333	334-335	336-337	338-339	340-341	342-343	344-345	346-347	348-349	350-351	352-353	354-355	356-357	358-359	360-361	362-363	364-365	366-367	368-369	370-371	372-373	374-375	376-377	378-379	380-381	382-383	384-385	386-387	388-389	390-391	392-393	394-395	396-397	398-399	400-401	402-403	404-405	406-407	408-409	410-411	412-413	414-415	416-417	418-419	420-421	422-423	424-425	426-427	428-429	430-431	432-433	434-435	436-437	438-439	440-441	442-443	444-445	446-447	448-449	450-451	452-453	454-455	456-457	458-459	460-461	462-463	464-465	466-467	468-469	470-471	472-473	474-475	476-477	478-479	480-481	482-483	484-485	486-487	488-489	490-491	492-493	494-495	496-497	498-499	500-501	502-503	504-505	506-507	508-509	510-511	512-513	514-515	516-517	518-519	520-521	522-523	524-525	526-527	528-529	530-531	532-533	534-535	536-537	538-539	540-541	542-543	544-545	546-547	548-549	550-551	552-553	554-555	556-557	558-559	560-561	562-563	564-565	566-567	568-569	570-571	572-573	574-575	576-577	578-579	580-581	582-583	584-585	586-587	588-589	590-591	592-593	594-595	596-597	598-599	600-601	602-603	604-605	606-607	608-609	610-611	612-613	614-615	616-617	618-619	620-621	622-623	624-625	626-627	628-629	630-631	632-633	634-635	636-637	638-639	640-641	642-643	644-645	646-647	648-649	650-651
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4121, 4123, 4125, 4127, 4129, 4131, 4133, 4135, 4137, 4139, 4141, 4143, 4145, 4147, 4149, 4151, 4153, 4155, 4157, 4159, 4161, 4163, 4165, 4167, 4169, 4171, 4



CORVETTE

by Chevrolet

new '58 corvette

The new shape of sports car sophistication

The 1958 Corvette looks like pure distilled excitement. And why not; that's exactly what this car was designed to provide! Clean, compact, subtly sculptured, its every line declares that here is a genuine road machine, engineered to approach the ultimate in precision control, roadability and potent performance.

Corvette's new cockpit says the same thing, from spring-steel wheel to the burnished bank of roof instruments, the unique Control Tower between driver and passenger.

And what its looks promise, Corvette delivers—in bring-ing measure! Choose from four superb Chevrolet V8 engines (two with Fuel Injection*), three transmissions (from effortless Powerglide automatic to the experts' four-speed manual shift*).

But put a '58 Corvette on the road and discover one startling fact: You've been missing pleasures you didn't even know existed! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

*Optional at extra cost.



COMING EVENTS

NOV. 8-NOV. 17

■ TV ■ CABLE TV ■ NATIONWIDE RADIO
All times E.S.T., except where otherwise noted

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8

Boxing

(Pay-per-view)
Frazier vs. G. G. G.
Frazier vs. G. G. G. (Pay-per-view)
New York at Syracuse, NY

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Football

Florida State vs. Miami (ABC) (Saturday, Nov. 8)

Track

Real Model Open Country (Chickadee, N.Y. 10-10)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9

Auto Racing

National SCCA Road Race (10-10) (Sat. 10-10 Nov. 10)

Boxing

(Pay-per-view)
Frazier vs. G. G. G.
Philadelphia at St. Louis

Football

(Sunday college games)
■ Iowa vs. Ohio (West Point, N.Y. 10-10 a.m. EDT)
■ Boston vs. Boston College (Boston)
■ California vs. Oregon State (Berkeley, Calif.)
■ Colorado State vs. Colorado (Fort Collins, Colo.)
■ Columbia vs. Georgetown (N.Y. City)
■ Harvard vs. Princeton (Cambridge, Mass.)
■ Illinois vs. Michigan (Champaign, Ill.)
■ Iowa vs. Wisconsin (Iowa City, Iowa)
■ Kansas vs. Kansas State (Lawrence, Kan.)
■ Marquette (Iowa) vs. Notre Dame (Grand Valley, Mich.)
■ 10-10 a.m. (Miami)
■ Minnesota vs. LSU (Gainesville, Miss.)
■ Missouri vs. Indiana (Columbia, Mo.)
■ Navy vs. Duke (Durham, N.C.) (10-10 a.m. EDT)
■ North Carolina vs. South Carolina (Clemson, N.C.)
■ Ohio State vs. Purdue (Columbus, Ohio) (10-10 p.m. EDT)
■ Oregon vs. Washington (Eugene, Ore.)
■ Penn. vs. Yale (Philadelphia)
■ Texas vs. Baylor (Austin, Texas)
■ Texas A&M vs. Auburn (College Station, Texas)
■ Washington State vs. UCLA (Spokane)

Golf

■ All-Star Golf (Day) (Midland, Tex. 10-10 a.m. EDT)
■ All-Star Golf (Night) (Midland, Tex. 10-10 p.m. EDT)

Hockey

Buffalo at Montreal (Edmonton, Alberta, 10-10)

Hockey

Buffalo at Montreal (Edmonton, Alberta, 10-10)

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Hockey

Buffalo at Montreal (Edmonton, Alberta, 10-10)

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10

Auto Racing

National SCCA Road Race (10-10) (Sat. 10-10 Nov. 10)

Boxing

(Pay-per-view)
Frazier vs. G. G. G.
Frazier vs. G. G. G. (Pay-per-view)
New York at Syracuse, NY

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11

Auto Racing

National SCCA Road Race (10-10) (Sat. 10-10 Nov. 10)

Boxing

(Pay-per-view)
Frazier vs. G. G. G.
New York at Syracuse, NY

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)
■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)
■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16

Auto Racing

National SCCA Road Race (10-10) (Sat. 10-10 Nov. 10)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

Boxing

■ Heavy Haul vs. Tony Lopez (middleweight, 10-10, 10-10)
Washington, D.C. (10 p.m. EDT)

It's
Lamplighter
Time...
"as gry as you can buy"

Nicholson's
Lamplighter
GIN

LONGER HOT GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN, BY PRODUCT, IMPORTED BY NICHOLSON & SONS, INC., N.Y.C. & L.A.

THE BIG

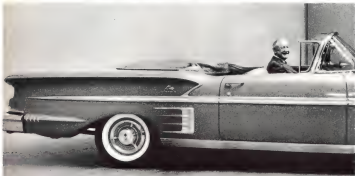


THE NEW CHAMP is the hottest dual of all—the dash between Chevrolet and Ford—in Henry Ford II's latest

Chevy makes a rithorous comeback, before the year's end; Ford goes confidently from a 1955 retractable hardtop model

THE OLD CHAMP GM President Harlow Hutto; displays equal confidence that thoroughly tested Chevrolets,

size inches longer than the 1957's, will displace Ford next year. The Sperry Impulse in which Hutto sits is the new Chevrolet



AUTO RACE



which resembles, in size and sweep, the determination not to let Chevy spoil a victory for which its company has waited 21 years.

postage model. Still over-all industry leader by a wide margin despite its 1957 slide, GM has completely new cars in all lines.



In the driver's seats of U.S. cars, pointing for the hot new season, are their builders. Their gamble: \$1.5 billion that plushy new styling makes a hit

BY KENNETH RUDEEN

THIS IS THE STORY of a \$1.5 billion gamble by five men—captains of mighty teams which are competing for one of industry's biggest pots of gold. They have risked the billion and a half in styling and tooling up for the chrome-splashed 1958 U.S. automobile race, biggest, gaddest, noisiest in history, which is now starting its cross-country resume in showrooms, on the printed page and through kine-scope tubes. As the pace of styling change speeds up and the market becomes ever more unpredictable, the struggle for the checkered flag, or sometimes merely for survival, intensifies. Still, the rules require the captains to place their glittering bet with an attitude of perfect confidence, and so, once again, they do. The five men behind the wheel are:

Henry Ford II, 40, tall and plumpish grandson of the eccentric genius who started all this assembly-line commotion. Fashionably educated at Hotchkiss and Yale, he proved restless in winning the postwar power struggle for Henry I's crumbling empire, wise in restoring it to financial health.

Harlow Harbert (Red) Curtice, 64, smoothly tailored, savagely aggressive president of General Motors, who pulled Buick from the Depression depths on his way upstairs. His billion-dollar expansion plunge in 1954 steadied U.S. business and gave his annual predictions circular impact. Curtice's challenge: "GM must always lead."

Lester Lum (Tex) Celbeck, 52, a husky glad-hander out of Oakwood, Texas ("I'm just a country boy"), who paid for a Texas U. education by speculating in cotton. As president of Chrysler the country boy borrowed \$250 million in 1954 to give his company a transfusion and went happily down the road to fire and fortune.

George Romney, 50, a handsome, hard-hitting Mormon, who has, like his colleague (above) in the Little Two, an unfavorable post position. He is pitting his smaller Ramblers against what he calls the "big, gas-guzzling dinosaurs" of the Big Three for a larger share of the prize money in 1958.

Harold Eugene Churchill, 54, "Church" to his Studebaker-Packard employees, who built a tractor for himself at 12 on the family farm and likes do-it-yourself tinkering to this day. Austerity is the rule of S-P as Churchill fights for "a selective share" of the spoils of the race.

The race of races among the automakers this year has been, of course, that between Chevrolet, the passenger-car sales leader for 21 years, and Ford, its historic antagonist. Harlow Curtice has said, "I do not expect to be around on the day Ford beats Chevrolet." Those words may be taken

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUY WITTE

THE BIG AUTO RACE

continued

more as an expression of a Detroit chieftain's eternal optimism than as literal intent, but they must taste singularly bitter right now. For in the latest list of sales registrations, for the first eight months of 1957, plus 17 states for September, Ford leads Chevy by a margin of more than 48,000, by 1,045,837 to 997,583. It would take a miracle for Chevy to catch up by December 31 despite brave words from the Chevy camp.

The lesson of 1957 for the Big Three is crystallized in that race: you must have a car as long, low and wide and, beyond that, as new looking as the competition to be thoroughly successful. The 1957 Chevrolet was a sound car and by Detroit standards a joy to drive, but Ford and Plymouth had more persuasive styling. Inasmuch as Detroit works three years in advance, Chevrolet's 1958 line was already determined before the 1957 race began, so it is obvious from the shape of the 1958 Chevy that its masterminds were hip to the long-low-wide trend. They miscalculated its importance by one year and that was that.

General Motors, still the over-all industry leader despite its dip to 47% of the market in the first eight months of this year (down from 51% in the like 1956 period), moves now to recoup with major changes across the board. The Chevrolet, which should be an extremely tough contender for the 1958 sweepstakes, is nine inches longer, four inches wider and as much as 2½ inches lower; the new prestige Impala model is an inch lower still. An impressive air suspension system (available on all GM cars) that not only smooths the ride but keeps the car level despite unbalanced loading may be had for \$115 extra. Dual headlights are standard (as generally throughout the industry), and a host of power-assisted controls are optional (as throughout the industry). Most striking is the styling in a gull-wing effect in the rear, the most spectacular tail a Chevy ever flected at its opposition. With a new 280-hp, 348-cu.-in. V-8, Chevrolet now has a range of five V-8s of 185 to 290 hp and a 145-hp six. The new Corvette is changed hardly at all mechanically, but the aluminum-reinforced fiberglass body, reminiscent of the meteoric 88 racer, is mint new. A ride with Engineer Zora Arkus-Duntov, the Nuvo-lari of Detroit, left no doubt as to the car's superlative performance.

Pontiac, which adopts an X-frame and rear coil springs (as does Chevy), goes substantially lower, wider and longer, introduces a new 370-cu.-in. engine and offers 240 to 310 hp depending upon accessories. Oldsmobile and Buick, massive enough for anyone in 1957, are dimensionally unchanged and their engines are continued, but the bodies are unmistakably new and notably devoid of rear-window dividers. Gone are Buick's famous ladder pipes. In comes a luxury model called the Limited. Cadillac will have a solid new entry and the solid old mystique going for it.

Against that daunting array Ford counters with, first of all, a surprisingly revamped Ford car that has a more massive front, a multigrained roof and a pair of jutting twin taillights which replace the familiar round lenses. Ford had just had a sweeping revision for 1957; the look of the 1958 is an unmistakable signal that better styling was lie ahead. A bit wider than before but otherwise little changed in basic dimensions, the Fords boast hotter engines. The old 232-cu.-in. model now is the smallest of three V-8s; the new ones of 312 and 332 cu. in. develop 100 and 265 hp, respectively, with four-barrel carburetion. The 232-cu.-in. six produces 145 hp, a modest increase. Like GM, the

Ford Company offers ride-leveling air suspension on all makes. The Thunderbird soon becomes a four-seater, further evidence of Ford's insistence that it is not a sports car but an elegant "personal" car.

Now that the Edsel has arrived (31, Sept. 2), Ford has upgraded Mercury with the luxurious Park Lane, seven inches longer than the standard 215-inch-long Mercury. Mercury looks much the same for 1958 but is considerably less loud. The biggest stock engine in the U.S., an extra-cost 430-cu.-in. unit developing 400 hp, heads an engine line of exceptional oomph. Lincoln blossoms out with the longest stock model in America (15 feet 1 inch) and one-unit construction in an all-out bid to catch the elusive Cadillac.

CHRYSLER: MORE FINS

UNLIKE GM and Ford, Chrysler Corporation enters the 1958 race without major styling change. The wedge-shaped, fin-tailed look has been a smashing success so far; it boucted Chrysler's share of the market for the 1957 model year 3.56% (to 19.54%) and returned Plymouth to third place in the standings, behind Ford and Chevy, and ahead of Buick. Chief Stylist Virgil Exner, has become a prophet with laudous honor.

The scope of Chrysler's 1957 styling adventure—spectacular models in each of the five lines—represented a colossal, if shrewdly calculated, risk, and it dramatized Tex Colbert's determination to revitalize the Chrysler operation. For 1958 the risk taken is hardly less great: that of seeing whether the cars are still visually exciting enough to be vigorously competitive with the bold new models from GM and Ford.

Some face lifting has been done, to be sure: revision of grille designs, rearrangement of body ornamentation, enlargement of windshields. Beneath the skin the news is in engines. Two new engines of 350 and 360 cu. in., developing 280 to 310 hp depending on carburetion and accessories, appear throughout the line under a variety of names (offering fuel injection for the first time). These are engines with deeper blocks and less weight than previous comparable models. All Chrysler Corporation V-8s are fitted with a new fuel-ratting choke system to improve operating economy. As in the past each make offers a high-performance engine package: the most powerful models again are in the Chrysler 340 series, now called the 360-D, equipped with a 362-cu.-in. engine.

One of 1957's major engineering accomplishments was the Chrysler torsion springing. Its contribution to handling and performance impressed many U.S. motor sportsmen and astonished Paul Priou, the fine Belgian Grand Prix driver, in an all-out race course test of the Plymouth. It will, of course, be continued in the 1958. Chrysler is so pleased with the system that it is not now introducing air suspension.

Behind heavier Plymouth bumpers are hotter engines ranging from 132 hp for the 234-cu.-in. six to 315 for a special 350-cu.-in. V-8. Dodge's clattered 1957 grille is now so less massive but considerably cleaner. De Soto also has a noticeably new and chrome-laden front end, as does Chrysler, which adds a shorter (by four inches) model in its Windsor line. The Imperial made a flying start in the luxury market this year and should again be a keen contender.



FRED GOERTEL, CHRYSLER PRESIDENT, AND THE KIND OF FINE 1957 & NEW PLYMOUTH HE WILL SELL AGAIN THIS SEASON

CONTINUED

AMERICAN MOTORS: ECONOMY

American Motors, with a successful bread-and-butter car in the 1957 Rambler, pursues the theme of compactness and economical operation still more aggressively in the new entries. The larger Nash and Hudson lines have been discontinued, and the company now offers only one "big" car, the Ambassador. Before the year is out AM will explore the small-car market further (it currently imports the tiny Metropolitan from England) by reviving a short-wheelbase Rambler (100 inches).

Restyled with flared firs in the rear and a lower, wider grille, the standard 1958 Rambler measures a shade over 191 inches in length. That makes it about 1½ feet shorter than the Chevy and the longest Ford, and AM naturally trumpets the obvious advantages in parking and garaging it. Inside it is no less roomy, says AM, than its competitors. The Rambler, and all AM models, are again of one-unit body-frame construction, and they are now dipped in a giant paint bath before final assembly to reduce the risk of water penetration and rusting.

Rambler engines have been stepped up a bit in horsepower; the 195-cu.-in. six from 123 to 127 and the 230-cu.-in. V-8 from 190 to 215. In spite of the boost, say the engineers, greater fuel economy than in 1957 will be possible because of higher compression ratios and revised carburetors. Dashboard instruments have been relocated for greater visibility. A new push-button system has been developed for automatic transmissions. Reclining seats again may be lowered to form beds.

Little different from the Rambler except in size and power, the 1958 Ambassador is slightly over 200 inches long. It is equipped with a front sway bar to improve handling. Horsepower of the 327-cu.-in. V-8 is increased to 270 (from 255 for the old Nash and Hudson), by a higher compression ratio and a new four-barrel carburetor. Both Rambler and Ambassador incorporate a new internal transmission shifting system operated by vacuum control rather than mechanical linkage, as well as a step-on emergency brake. A new Ambassador station wagon bows.

PRESIDENT GEORGE BORNEY OF AMERICAN MOTORS AND RAMBLER CUSTOM STATION WAGON. HE SELLS "COMPACTNESS" AND ECONOMY





PRESIDENT HAROLD CHURCHILL OF STUDEBAKER-PACKARD AND PRESIDENT SEDAN. SCOTSMAN SELLS BEST, BUT S-P HAS LUXURY, TOO

STUDEBAKER-PACKARD: DIVERSITY

STUDEBAKER-PACKARD, heartened by the brisk sales of its economy model, the Scotsman, will push it vigorously this season. But unlike American Motors, S-P will continue to offer a wide variety of choices and will, of course, still distribute Germany's Mercedes-Benz cars through its dealers. President Harold Churchill promises to introduce another smaller car later, and the guessing is that it will be the German Goggomobil.

Sportiest cars of the S-P line are the Hawks, joined now by a Packard Hawk. Both the Packard and the Studebaker Golden Hawk have the supercharged, 289-cu.-in., 275-hp V-8 that was new last season. Studebaker's nonsupercharged Silver Hawk V-8 develops 210 hp (225 with a power kit), and the Silver Hawk Six, displacing 185 cu. in., 101 hp. They are all built on a 120-inch wheelbase; the Packard, at 204 inches, is an inch longer than the Studebaker. An exception to the industry trend is the fitting of a pair of single headlights on the Packard. Studebaker Champions and Scotsmen, too, have single headlights, but the dual lamps are available.

In its conventional models S-P has dropped the roof line substantially, in keeping with the industry's low-profile trend, but is making no attempt to outdo the Big Three in length and girth. The low-priced Scotsman (a de-chromed Champion) is a little over 202 inches long; the luxury President just four inches longer. All Studebaker sedans and station wagons are 75.8 inches wide. The new bodies are noticeably, but not drastically, different from the 1967's, especially in front, where the headlight assembly protrudes sharply. Horsepower, ranging from 140 for the 145-cu.-in. six to 225 for the 289-cu.-in. V-8, is the same as last season's. S-P points with pride to an improved suspension system whose variable-rate springing adapts itself to road conditions and passenger loading.

In December, S-P will introduce a new Packard sedan that is said to be especially handsome, and later this month new hardtops in the President and Commander series.

Churchill, like AM's Romney, insists that he will be using black ink exclusively in the ledger next year. **END**

FOOTBALL IN THE BACKYARD

by DON PARKER

The hoop-la of high school football is the game at its gayest—except perhaps in a few towns where it has become big business

HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL is one of the happiest continents in the world of sport. It is the area of the unexpected. It can make you laugh till your belly hurts but it can also make you suffer the anguish of the bewaved. It is the neighbor's dog running across the field in the middle of that 66-yard touchdown run. It is the pretty baton twirler who misses the catch five times in a row at the half-time show and the ebullient musician who punches a hole through the band's only bass drum during the fight song. It is Junior out on the field missing tackles, forgetting signals and blocking his own teammates with all the élan of a spring seal which has just found its legs. It is that moment when the kid next door, the one with the two left feet, is suddenly in the wrong place at the right time and saves the day for hundreds of squealing bobby-soxers who will worship him in memory evermore for the winning touchdown.

It is backyard football, but it is such a bargain of fun that 60 million people will pay this year to see 665,000 teen-age players do things on a football field that would make Walter Camp roll over in his grave—with delight.

Hempstead High School on Long Island, whose football delirium is shown on the following four pages, is typical of the teen-age tempest which explodes throughout the country each fall. At Hempstead everyone has fun, even the coach, Bob Schumler, who at \$399 a season can't afford to get too upset. Schumler is Hempstead's science teacher, and he coaches the team on the side.

"We don't feel we have to make money, or draw big crowds or even win ball games," says Hempstead's athletic director, Alfred Verhies. "We draw maybe two or three thousand if the weather's nice, but really we're just out to give the kids a good time. And boy, they have it."

The ebullience at Hempstead is endemic in all high school football. The town or the neighborhood is proud of its squad. The team carries the community honor on the football field. In some cases a community will let chauvin-

ism run away with it and the high school team becomes an important symbol of identification. It becomes very urgent that the community have the very best football team it can possibly have. One case in point is Massillon, Ohio, where the local team is just about all there is for athletic entertainment during the autumn months.

Lee Tressel, head coach at Massillon High School, stood on the bluff adjacent to Massillon's 22,000-seat brick and concrete stadium. He gazed on the sprawling practice field where his seven assistants were getting the afternoon practice session started. Already they had split the team into five units and had begun double-team blocking drills.

"What makes us so good?" he asked himself.

"Well, I guess you could say there's a football tradition here in Massillon that's as old as the game. Ever since Paul Brown was coach here we've had winning teams. It gave this town something to be proud of. A kid grows up here with a football in his hands from the time he's big enough to hold one. Fathers live for the day when their sons will be old enough and big enough to play on the varsity. It's kind of an honor for the fathers, you know. This pride for the team is one of the biggest reasons we're so good."

"Look at these kids," he said, pointing to a beely youngster playing middle guard in one of the cluster of scrimmages taking place all around. "That one there, he's 15, a sophomore. Weighs 225, stands about 6 feet 2. That's why we're so good, too."

Tressel's material comes from three junior high schools in Massillon. Each of the junior highs has two coaches and Tressel has the authority to hire and fire them. In effect, they are part of his staff. When a football player comes to Massillon High he has already had three years of coaching under the Tressel system. What is a coach worth to a system like this? "I make \$5,000 a year," said Tressel. "If I win the state championship I get a new car. If

Illustration by Don Peters

SPECTACLE photographed by Furell Grekin

HAPPY HEMPSTEAD

For as long as anyone can remember a football coach has never been fired at Hempstead High School. As the picture on the opposite page so clearly shows, the game is played strictly for

fun. Players on the bench flirt with the cheerleaders and the coach gets paid a whopping \$500 a year. The people in the stands are just as interested in the local gossip as they are in the score.





The yellow-headed baton twirlers who drag Hempstead High's big bass drum past the school's 100-piece band and 24 glockenspielers (left), the frantic cheerleaders led by crouching Phyllis Dwyer (right) and the loyal anxious parents with bemused little sisters (below, right) are all part of the weekly entourage which turns out to watch Hempstead (below in white) play neighboring rivals like Lawrence High





Sad on the sidelines, intent members of Mineola's squad show classic football expressions during an urgent moment in last year's game with Hempstead

BACKYARD FOOTBALL

continued

I don't I still get awfully nice presents at Christmas."

The Maudslon football system is run on a very business-like basis. A giant booster club, composed of alumni and influential businessmen in the town, fronts the bills for game movies (in color), whirlpool baths, game rallies and—as the story goes—special talent. It is common knowledge among other coaches in the state that Maudslon boosters have moved entire families into town, placed Pop in a fine-paying job just as Sonny, a good-looking football prospect, would be eligible to attend Maudslon. The team takes in more than \$100,000 a season at the gate.

In money, talent and high-priced coaches make for top-notch football at Maudslon, they do that and more at Abilene, Texas, where the city's high school team is the number one beast of the chamber of commerce. In beating Big Spring 32-0 in its last game the team chalked up its 44th consecutive victory to set a new national record.

The current proprietor of this athletic dynasty is 39-year-old Chuck Moser, a native of Missouri. When Moser took over in 1953 his employees showed him they wanted winning football by starting him out at college-scale salary. Moser quickly showed Abilene it had the right man by guiding the team to the Texas state championship in 1954, 1955 and 1956. Moser is a compact, wiry man who walks hunched forward as if ready to spring. His voice is deep and his eyes go over you in a friendly but appraising inspection. "We don't import players or move families," says Moser, "but we do have a football program that beats almost anything you might find outside of Texas."

"We have over 600 kids playing football in 18 elementary schools scattered around town. They all come on to Abilene High. It's strictly recreation, really, but we like to win, too. Every school our size in the state has the same type of program, so I guess we just ran it better."

"Abilene didn't win much in the '40s, you know. I guess the people were getting kind of hungry around here. When we started winning, well, we just kept defeat down on the ground. You win 44 games and people get the idea that the kids on your team are supermen or over-age or ringers. It's just not true. Look, the kids on this team average 16.5 years. Is that old? The average weight is 180. Is that so big? The reason these kids are good is that they want to be good. They work at it, and they work hard."

"Sure, we've got exceptional facilities. We've got a stadium that seats 11,000, and the city just passed a \$750,000 bond issue to build us a new one that'll seat about 20,000. We've got support, too. Fans fill the field week in and week out. One year when we played in Fort Worth for the state championship 7,000 people from Abilene traveled 150 miles just to see the game."

"The school system gives me the money to get good coaches. My salary is \$10,000 flat. Last year at the football banquet members of our booster club gave me \$9,000 cash. I kept \$3,000 of it and split the rest with my seven assistants. That's \$13,000. And I've got a weekly television show during football season that pays me pretty well."

"With all the advantages I have here in town, all the friends, how could I accept the head coach's job at Missouri last year? In the first place they offered me only \$10,000."

"I guess in a way you could say we're a football factory. There's hardly a day goes by when some college coach isn't visiting, trying to find prospects. But the kids on

this team are students. They have to be or they don't play."

"Right now I've got 29 Abilene boys playing college ball—all on scholarships. Bobby Jack Oliver, tackle at Baylor, he's one of them. Glynn Gregory, the kid everyone was chasing last year, he's at SMU. Got them all over the state. Football makes money here. We play 14 games a year if we get to the final playoffs for the championship—19 regular season and four playoffs. In the final playoff in 1955 we took in \$42,000."

Ironically, the \$42,000 taken in by Abilene in a single game could support football at Hempstead for the next 15 years. The Long Island school spends about \$2,400 a year supporting the sport.

At New Trier High School in Kenilworth, a Chicago suburb, the cost of the football program ran \$21,914.90 last year. Yet football at New Trier is conducted on still a different level from either Maudslon or at Abilene. The school is, first of all, a township school encompassing Wilmette, Kenilworth, Winnetka and Glenview—all extremely wealthy suburban areas. Its student body is college size, 3,389, almost twice as large as either Maudslon or Abilene.

No one who tries out for football at New Trier is ever cut from the squad. "As long as they show for practice," says Coach Walter Aschenbach, "they're on the team—or one of the teams." So Aschenbach creates as many squads as he has players to fill them. New Trier maintains freshman, sophomores, junior varsity and varsity football teams and, if needed, each of these has an A squad and a B squad. "I've got the coaches to go around," says Aschenbach, "so why not give everyone a chance to play. Besides, it makes for a good farm system."

Aschenbach has a problem when it comes to advising his graduates about choosing a college. "I tell them to pick their school as though they were never going to play another game of football," he says. "And I discourage them looking for scholarships. I don't think a kid whose old man makes \$50,000 a year should be asking for handouts. If a kid comes to school here at New Trier, his old man is loaded."

"We're on a wholesome basis here," Aschenbach asserts proudly. "Athletics—football if you wish—are part of the educational setup. The tail does not wag the dog. I agree with the Ivy League concept of sports. Let's keep it amateur but let's make it as good as we can."

Most of the athletes from New Trier go on to eastern schools—many to Yale, Harvard and Princeton. New Trier footballers have supplied Yale with some of its finest talent in recent years, with such stars as Al Ward, 1946 halfback, and Mike Cavillon, an end on this year's team.

Of the four systems, which is the best? Hempstead, Maudslon, Abilene or New Trier?

"None," says Henry Steele Commager, Columbia University's outspoken professor of American history. High school football, according to Commager, is nothing more than "a burlesque show on the playing field."

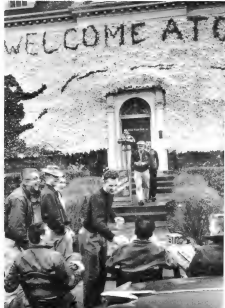
"We would not expect—we would not permit—our daughters to entertain the community in a night club or burlesque show. There is no reason why we should permit our sons to entertain the community by what are in effect burlesque performances on the playing field."

Commager suggested this solution:

"Take away the dollar sign. Do away with paid coaches and the pressure for victory will disappear. Do away with paid admission and the dependence of other sports on football and basketball will disappear."

Yes, and so would Maudslon, Abilene and possibly even rich New Trier.

(RMK)



ATO BROTHERS TAKE SURVIVOR BREAK AFTER DECORATING THEIR HOUSE

WONDERFUL WORLD
OF SPORT

FOOTBALL IN THE LITTLE IVY



ZETA PSI TOUCHED UP A MUCK INTERVIEWER

SPECTATORS ON TUFTS SIDE SHOULD BEWARE: DRIZZLE WHEN RAIN CAME MANY LEFT FOR SHELTER, INCLUDING THE TUFTS (AND



WHILE the big guns of college football boomed across the land (see page 12), the game and its Saturday jubilation went marching on at less celebrated gridiron centers. In Medford, Mass., for instance, the unbeaten Lord Jeffs of Amherst (founded 1821) met the unbeaten Jumbos of Tufts (founded 1862) in a contest which had meaning only in Little Ivy circles. But the game, which drew 3,500 watchers in the rain, was only part of the occasion, which included competitive decoration of fraternity houses, hand-in-hand strolls and postgame parties. Oh, yes: Amherst won 19-6.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LEONARD



AMHERST'S LORD JEFF. BUT THEIR PLOT BACKFIRED



JIM ARMOUR SHOWS MIKI FARRU STUFFED JUMBO IN THE TUFTS MUSEUM

TUFTS STUDENTS AND DATES PARTY AT SU HOUSE AFTER GAME. ON CRUCH ARE LINDA FERRUCCI AND SOPHOMORE JACK GROWLEY



LOVE AMONG THE ANGELS

For a standup of baseball, it's a great thing for southern California," proclaimed Casey Stengel, at the gracious "Welcome Dodgers" luncheon in Los Angeles last week. From the moment the Burns arrived, politicians have loved 'em, Hollywood flacks have trotted out starlets to love 'em, and Angelenos have been in the throes of their greatest public love affair since Deag Fairbanks wooed Mary Pickford.

But Dodger President Walter O'Malley is not a man to let sentiment interfere with unfinished business. He concluded his luncheon remarks ominously: "We will go quietly, and we will come back when we know how your referendum comes out." For even as the guests were singing themselves home in adulation, pickets wound sinisterly among the welcome signs with placards reading "Save Chavez Ravine."

These dissidents are convinced O'Malley wanted, not a big-league franchise, but downtown real estate with oil under it, even though O'Malley has waived oil rights to the ravine, site of the Dodgers' new stadium. If the opposition can collect 51,000 signatures they could force a referendum election next June. It was this melancholy possibility that clouded O'Malley's moonlike face as he stood among the revelers.



PRESIDENT WALTER O'MALLEY TELLS LUNCHEON GATHERING OF 1,100



DODGER STAFF POSES FOR AN ROVANCE-ORDERS SCENE



O'MALLEY FEEDS POT ROAST TO OLD CHARACTER ACTOR STENGEL



THAT HIS DODGERS WILL BRING THEM THE PENDANT IN 1954



LOVEBORN ANGELES WELCOME DODGERS AT THE AIRPORT

FAN RAY PERBODY GIVES THE TEAM A GIMMICKED GREETING



DUKE OWDER, HOLLYWOOD DELEGATE, ADMIRE CANDY SIGN

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

TWELVE HUNDRED MONTHS AGO • ATKINSON: NEW SILKS AND
THE OLD HABIT OF WINNING • THE PRESENT REVIVES A GAME
FROM THE FUTURE • PAN-ARABIAN ATHLETICS • TIMETABLE

BIG BIRTHDAY

OVER THE CENTURIES, sport has picked up a great deal of prestige as well as a great many participants. No athlete was ever denied burial in consecrated ground simply because he was an athlete, as actors once were because they were actors; things were never that bad. Still, sport is more respectable than it used to be, as anyone can see by reading back numbers of the *Atlantic*, a magazine that has covered sport somewhat less intensively, but for 94 years, nine months and two weeks longer, than *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

Last week the *Atlantic* celebrated its hundredth birthday, as lively as it was back in 1857 when it and the world and Queen Victoria were all young together. In that early day, thrift and industry were the prime virtues, leisure belonged to the leisure class, and sport was distrusted as a waste of time. The *Atlantic*, for the most part, left sport alone. In 1882 it did fire a blast called *The Premixure of Athletics in England*: "The unfettered mind of America cannot help condemning, with feelings of irrepressible contempt, that mis-called energy that expends itself in frivolity and destruction of time."

And now look—only 75 years later, the times, and the mind of America, have changed. Sport is everywhere, from the chessboard to the stadium, from skis and spiked boots on the mountaintops to skin-divers under the sea. It is in the pages of the *Atlantic*, too, and has been for decades. Leo Boudreau is an *Atlantic* author and so is Birdie Tebbetts. So are Gene Tunney and Sarah Palfrey. The *Atlantic* has reported on baseball, big-game hunting, auto racing, salmon fishing and skiing, and has kept an eye, stern and intellectual, to be sure, on college football. It

had a man near Wimbledon in 1937 to catch an early glimpse of televised sport: "Imagine a large radio console with an aperture about a foot square. . . . There is Parker . . . so plain you can see the stripe on his shorts."

Stephen Leacock delighted *Atlantic* readers back in 1936 with a piece about his private fish pond, a lovely hidden spot to which he invited only the most expert and devoted fishermen, listening sympathetically to their complicated explanations of failure without ever telling them that there were no fish whatever in the pond. And in 1948 Stephen Potter gave his famous dissertation on Golfswanship. ("Americans visiting [England] for a championship have sometimes created a tremendous effect by letting it be known that, on the voyage over, in order to keep in practice, they drove new golf

balls from the deck of the Queen Mary into the Atlantic.")

The *Atlantic* started out, and has largely remained, a magazine devoted to politics, science and art. But what it is really devoted to is significant human activity. Nowadays that includes sport. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, just past 3, admirably awards the old *Atlantic* a long-drawn locomotive and a go-team-go!

CHANGE OF JOCKEYS

HALF AN HOUR'S DRIVE east of New York's Belmont Park sits the 23-acre farm which has been home to Jockey Ted Atkinson, 41, for several years now. It contains a comfortably stocked library (Atkinson's favorite reading and rereading: the novels of Sir

continued

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

● Ferrari Wins Again

Ferrari, by taking the first four places in the Grand Prix of Venezuela, successfully defended its sports car manufacturers' championship. The race marked the last run of the big machines, as competition next year is limited to 3-liter cars.

● A Consequence of Success

The Braves' five-year contract with the Milwaukee County Park Commission has expired and the commission is trying to get the ball club to accept a 300% increase in their stadium rent on the basis of increased profit. The Braves, weary with their Series triumph, have declined so far to release a mounting financial statement, but deny the proposed contract as "excessively unreasonable."

● Magguy's Luck

Maggie Taylor, the friendly Philadelphia promoter who got his license back, has also been awarded five TV fight dates from the IBC, the first on January 1. But poor Magguy—his new license expires December 31 and he will have to apply for another. He'll get it—and before you can say James D. Norris, president.

● Outlaw Ahead?

Mile Milla organizers have announced that their auto race will be contested next year without a change in itinerary, on the grounds that new rules reduce the risk of road racing. But members of the Italian parliament are about to protest that the race should be cancelled or contested in a closed circuit to avoid loss of life.



This is a genuine Viyella shirt — by Hathaway

THE ENGLISH have been weaving Viyella for over a century. Would-be imitators are baffled by its sumptuous iridescent sheen and strength. No other has ever succeeded in copying it.

Viyella is a cunning mixture of lamb's wool and long-staple cotton. (Ours is known for its softness and strength.) But the English aren't telling how Viyella gets its other remarkable qualities. Full overboard and

it won't shrink. Get it damp and it won't chafe. Wash it five years and it comes up smiling. Some say it actually gets better as it grows older.

All of which leads us to one conclusion. Viyella is the finest shirting for outdoor men. And Hathaway takes it with outdoor men in mind. Long tails that stay in your trousers. Plenty of room round the shoulders. Full, one-piece sleeves. Generous

button-covers to keep the wind out.

Pictured above is a rare District Check from Scotland — \$17.95. Go to the better stores and ask to see Hathaway's whole thundering range of Viyella shirts.

IMPORTANT: Refuse to buy anything that doesn't look like Viyella — but isn't. The Viyella label is on every Viyella shirt. If you can't find the real thing, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine.

HOUSE OF LORDS

the
authentic
light-natured
Scotch

After blending, choice Scotch
whiskies are "married" together
in sherry-mellowed casks
6 times longer than ordinary
Scotch. Nature's way of
combining delicate lightness,
rich flavor!



"Measuring Scotch whisky into casks." Authentic scene
inside "spirit store" of old Highland distillery.



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 64 PROOF. IMPORTED SOLELY BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

Walter Scott), and a sturdy fireplace, enlivened with the legend "Give Me, Great God, Say I, A Little Farm, in Summer Cool, in Winter Warm." Now in his 20th year as a jockey, Atkinson has won more than \$16 million worth of purses, and you have to travel to win purses like that. Most of the 16 million was won for a much bigger farm nearby—400-acre Greentree, for which Atkinson has been contract rider for 11 years.

For all those years, whenever a horse flying the pink and black silks of Greentree jogged onto the track there was no need for a rumpster to look at his program. It was Atkinson for Greentree: Atkinson and Tom Fool; Atkinson and Capot; Atkinson and Shut Out; Atkinson and Devil Diver. And he rode just as if every race were the Kentucky Derby.

Last week the nostalgia association ended. Greentree said it was releasing Ted because its horses needed the five-pound apprentice allowance that John Ruane could give. And Ted, already established, might be hurt to not being allowed to accept other mounts.

Two days later Atkinson came out to ride against Greentree for the first time in 11 years. He was aboard a horse named Go Lightly. Ruane was posted on Greentree's Dark Heaven. And Teddy brought Go Lightly home to win by three galloping lengths. Afterward in the winner's circle he said, "It was a funny feeling when we came out on the track. I saw the Greentree colors in front of me and I wasn't wearing them. But as far as that goes—well, you want to win them all, regardless of who you're riding against. A race is a race."

SHOVEL'S SEQUEL

A SPORTS ILLUSTRATED expedition to Ireland last summer in the company of Bernard P. McDonough, the world's No. 1 manufacturer of shovels, had the dual purpose of focusing attention on Dublin's dream of a cinder-racing track (worthy of runners like Ron Delany) and the Old Country's need for some new job-making enterprises. Last week from Dublin and from McDonough headquarters at Parkersburg, W. Va. came word of progress on both fronts.

The cinder track, Dublin Premier Billy Morton reveals, is finished, four months after ground-breaking by a McDonough-made shovel. As for job-

making, Mr. McDonough has disclosed that he is moving a furniture factory he owns from Parkersburg to Dublin. It is the announced policy of the new \$3 million factory to hire only native-born Irishmen and use not a scrap, begorra, of English steel.

The first event of international interest on the new cinder track will be an appearance next spring by Ron Delany during *As Told*, the annual tourist festival.

CENTRIFUGAL BUMBLE-PUPPY

IN CHAPTER THREE of his *Brave New World*—a book he wrote a generation ago—Novelist Aldous Huxley mentions, though only briefly, a game called centrifugal bumble-puppy, which children of his satirically conceived future would play by tossing a ball into a tall, complicated, cylindrical machine. Apparently on the theory that the Brave New World is practicality upon us, one Louis Iritsky, engineering student at the University of Connecticut, recently placed his tongue in his cheek and bent every effort to pre-prepare centrifugal bumble-puppy for the U.S. college man and the U.S. college man for centrifugal bumble-puppy.

Having first announced formation of the Centrifugal Bumble-puppy League with himself as president, and having offered franchises to interested parties, Iritsky placed his moderated description of the game upon the New Haven Hall bulletin board, noting almost simultaneously that enthusiasm for it was "overwhelming." Connecticut's campus newspaper soon proved him right: it printed his work, other college papers reprinted it with delight, and today the fame of centrifugal bumble-puppy is spreading fast.

The names of positions and functions of players in the University of Connecticut version:

Manager—a nonplaying player who manages the team.

Left bumble—plays the left bumble position.

Right bumble—plays the right bumble position.

Left puppy—plays the left puppy position.

Right puppy—plays the right puppy position.

Center centrifugal—plays the center centrifugal position, but only as an alternate.

Stinger—the function of this player is not quite definite yet.

Beer bearer—the function of this player is obvious (in high school centrifugal bumble-puppy leagues this

position is filled by the water boy).

Iritsky describes the game as follows: "The players from both teams station themselves around the Centrifugal Bumble-puppy Machine. The Display Data Digitizer (a player too important to be listed with the other players) of the home team throws the ball into the air and blows his whistle. The ball will fall into the top of the machine and slide down a chute to the spinning centrifugal disk. Whirled by the disk, the ball will shoot out one of the holes in the side of the machine's base, whereupon the nearest must try to catch it. The team whose player catches the ball shall be declared the winner of that point (called a feather). If the ball is not caught it shall be declared dead (called a leather) and the point shall be played over again.

"The Centrifugal Bumble-puppy Machine authorized by the league is



not yet on the market but is expected to retail for about \$87,000 (although land grant colleges may be able to get industrial discounts, and bulk-order discounts may be available to those who order more than five machines)." League President Iritsky emphasizes that newly organized teams should be careful not to buy an unofficial Centrifugal Bumble-puppy Machine: the common tendency, he adds, is for teams to "rush right out and buy the first Centrifugal Bumble-puppy Machine they run across."

To what does League President Iritsky attribute centrifugal bumble-puppy's spreading popularity? "It's the greatest thing since goldfish swallowing and it tastes better."

ARAB GAMESHANSHP

THE SECOND PAN-ARAB GAMES, a none-too-stately ethnic replica of the Olympics, has wound up after a fortnight of events—scheduled, impromptu and postponed—in Beirut. Fifteen hundred athletes, representing nine states (Morocco, Tunisia, Libya, Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait), competed there in Camille Chamoun Sport City, a proud new complex of stadiums, fields and ranges named for the president of Lebanon. The host country, relatively strong in track and field, was the unofficial team winner, but its victory

continued



"Mother? Did you call me mother?"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

was somewhat tarnished due to the absence of Egypt, which dominated the 1953 games. Why Egypt failed to participate was never adequately explained. Cairo said its athletes were exhausted after competing in the Moscow games this summer, but sophisticated sources attributed their absence to bad blood between Egypt and pro-West Lebanon, and to the unfortunate circumstance that the Egyptian team reported themselves in a manner unbecoming to gentlemen and positive nationalists while on the town in Moscow, and were being punished by prolonged languishment in the Egyptian doghouse.

The games commenced at night with the 60,000-seat main stadium somehow containing 80,000 spectators, and the first impromptu event immediately took place. Lebanese Boy Scouts ranged on the infield opened crates containing 200 birds, variously billed in the press as "doves of peace" and "white carrier pigeons." The birds' mission was "to carry the word of the games" to the Arab nations. But very few tidings, indeed, ever got off the ground. The pigeons remained in the grass, alas. Ardent Scouts flung them into the balmy night with such vigor that a third of the birds were dead or dying within a few minutes. When the rest still refused to take wing, the Scouts began stuffing them into their shirts and pockets for souvenirs or eventual incenseeing. Lebanese MPs bailed the sack, but two hours later, while the drum and bagpipe corps of the Jordan army band paraded the running track playing that old fox hunting classic, *Jolie Perle*, a horde of youngsters charged out of the stands, crossed an eight-foot ditch and made for the pigeons. The MPs gave frantic chase and managed to save most of them.

After the opening night, which was given over largely to pageantry, attendance slumped sharply. When the track and field events started the following morning, the stands were 50% empty and became emptier daily, the average Arab being bored or bewildered by Western sport.

Western games are a recent phenomenon in the Middle East, and since they require a certain amount of leisure, few, aside from the very rich and the military, have time to participate, have access to equipment or have the know-how to appreciate them. The times and distances of the games, for example, were understandably feeble

by Western standards: 5 feet 10 inches won the high jump, 4.04.6 the 1,500-meter run, 10.9 the 100-meter dash, etc. Many observers think, indeed, that as Western sport becomes more widespread it will have a highly stabilizing influence among Arab youth. Their overweening concern with politics stems, these observers feel, from the fact that they really have very little else to do: sexes are segregated and social gatherings stilted or nonexistent. If young Arabs can be kept busy putting the shot or running the 1,500 meters, they might not be so ready to engage in such patriotic exercise as heaving bricks at embassies or overturning cars bearing diplomatic plates.

Sportsmanship will, in time, follow. An argument between a Lebanese and an Iraqi broad jumper, for instance, as to who won that event simmered for two days until an Iraqi fan stood up in the stands and announced at large: "The Lebanese are the slaves of the dollar." A righteous Lebanese army officer socked him on the spot and the free-for-all which ensued hospitalized 16 spectators and athletes. The games were postponed the following day for "technical reasons."

OVERWHELMED

GARDNER W. [SEN.] TAYLOR, longtime sports editor of the *Des Moines Register* and *Tribune*, a septuagenarian, was truly overwhelmed this week when he rose at a luncheon in New York to accept the Grantland Rice Memorial Award for his contribution to sport. Quoting a mythical young lady who had just downed her second Martini at her first cocktail party, he said:

"Wow! I feel more like I do now than I did when I came in."



BEST OF SPIRITS

When Tammy stopped upon the heels,
With hearton he was old-
He never played a better game—
In fact, he broke par hole-in-
—HOBART GOUGHMAN

SPARE A THOUGHT

NOW that the Dodgers and Giants have been welcomed on the Coast—and the Coast fan merely has to wait till spring to see major league baseball in his own backyard—perhaps a thought can be spared for those orphans of the old marriages, the New York or Brooklyn fan whose amphitheater will be as empty as Rome's Colosseum. If he wants to watch his heroes in the live, he will have to trek to Philadelphia, 98 miles to the southwest, where no subway runs. Both the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Phillies are, in theory, concerned with the New Yorkers' plight, but neither has advanced any accommodating proposals to date. Here, therefore, is a transportation guide to the Dodgers and Giants for off-season mulling, subject, of course, to change without notice:

Night games start at 5 p.m. in Philadelphia. Trains leave Pennsylvania Station at 5:30, 6 and 6:30 and arrive at North Philadelphia at 7:01, 7:17 and 8:01, respectively. Since Connie Mack Stadium is but a two- or three-minute cab dash from the station, fans taking the 6:30 train will miss only half an inning or so. The return trip may be a problem if the game goes into extra innings, since the last train departs at 11:41 p.m. One alternative is to stay the night and catch a train back in the morning. Another idea is to drive down and back on the Jersey Turnpike. The round-trip train fare is \$7.41, tolls on the turnpike are \$3.00.

For the sentimentalist who must be on hand when the Dodgers and Giants play each other, here is the luxury package. For San Francisco, a United Airlines plane leaves Idlewild at 9 a.m. and arrives at 3:30 p.m., which allows more than enough time, in the case of a night game, to get out to the ball park and watch batting practice. There is also a one p.m. flight which arrives at 7:30. A heavy-footed cab driver will get you to Seals Stadium on time. Airlines schedules do not permit the visitor to return the same day but a flight departs at 8:45 a.m. and arrives in New York at 7:30 p.m.—in time to watch the Yankees on television. For Los Angeles, the 12 noon American Airlines flight is recommended. It arrives at 3:45 p.m., allowing plenty of time to discover which ball park Mr. O'Malley has decided his Dodgers will play in. Again, one must spend the night and return in the morning. The round-trip fare to either city: \$112.69 first class; \$217.89 tourist. Hotels, taxicab and of course—admission extra.

THE SCRUTABLE

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

There was nothing mysterious about Japan's clear-cut victory in the Canada Cup, a memorably successful golf tournament

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEN NERE

THE KASUMIGASEKI Country Club, the scene of the recent spectacular Canada Cup match, lies only some 25 miles from downtown Tokyo, but it usually takes about two hours to get there by auto. In the last decade the capital city of this astonishing country has grown at a terrific clip, and today, with a population of over 8½ million, it has overtaken both New York and London and ranks as the world's largest city. As Tokyo and its environs have burgeoned, the number of vehicles on the roads has multiplied enormously, but the highways and highways in and around the city remain little more than poorly paved trails. One-born-happy hotelguest wanders hungrily into another, and there has naturally developed a frontier style of driving that would strike fear into the heart of a veteran Paris hackman.

However, all the wear and tear entailed in arriving at the Kasumigaseki Country Club was well worthwhile. The 1957 Canada Cup, the fifth edition of this competition, was not only a fine tournament from a straight golfing point of view but it was also the most important international sports event ever held in the Far East. As such, it radiated a meaningful glamour for the two-man teams from 30 countries who competed, and it meant the world to the Japanese. They had been extremely hopeful that the tournament would turn out to be a success and so justify the confidence the International Golf Association had shown in bringing the tourney to Tokyo. Well, the tournament was not only successful, it was memorable. It was effaced with the neatness of fiction, by the unexpected and totally impressive winning performance by the Japanese team of Torakichi (Pete) Nakamura and Koichi Ono. Five shots behind Sam Snead and Jimmy Demaret, the American representatives, after the first round, Nakamura and Ono moved out in front by two shots on the second day, bolstered their lead to nine shots

on the third 18, and held onto that margin on the closing round to finish nine full shots ahead of the United States and 12 shots ahead of the third-place South African team of Gary Player and Harold Henning, with Australia, Wales, Canada, England and Brazil following in that order. To make the Japanese triumph complete, the trophy for the best individual score for the 72 holes went to Nakamura. A cool and cheerful 42-year-old ex-caddie whose stocky build is quite reminiscent of Sarazen's, Nakamura

put together four very solid rounds of 68, 68, 67, 71 over the par-72 layout, and his winning total of 274 was seven full shots better than the trio who tied for second—Snead, Player and young David Thomas from Wales.

For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the International Golf Association and the Canada Cup competition, we might briefly explain before proceeding further that the IGA, now headed by Frank Parr Jr., was the brain child of John Jay Hopkins, the late American industrialist,

CHAMPION PETE NAKAMURA: LUNGING FOR A BELL ROPE WITH AUDACIOUS PRECISION



EAST

who recognized that golf was a truly international language. The annual tournament which he set up was called, somewhat confusingly, the Canada Cup. The first Canada Cup match got under way modestly in 1958 at Montreal when seven nations responded to Hopkins' invitation to send a team of two representatives. Argentina was the surprise winner of that first match, and the following year Australia captured the second match, also staged in Montreal, with a field of 35 teams entered. The journey then started an annually arduous career which saw it held in Washington, D.C. in 1959, and last year, when Hogan and Snead carried the day for the United States, at Wentworth, near London.

In any climate, it is the best by far of the many hands-across-the-ocean affairs which have sprung up since the war. The secret of its success perhaps lies in its unique structure: the winner is the two-man team that turns in the lowest combined medal score for the four rounds—that is, the sum of both players' individual scores over the 72 holes. Unlike four-ball competition, in which one of the two partners can be off and his partner can take up the slack, in the Canada Cup both men must play well. This can make for considerable excitement, for if both members of one team suddenly get hot and a rival pair momentarily grows cold, the whole complexion of the tournament can change in a matter of holes. On the second day of play at Kasumigaseki, for example, when the Japanese and American teams were paired together, Snead and Dornout dropped six shots (and their lead) on the last six holes.

Long after the statistics of the 1957 Canada Cup match have become a blur, the players from all corners of the world who played in the tournament will remember the spectacle that unfolded at Kasumigaseki. The club is situated in the rolling farm country of Saitama Prefecture, the fancifully curved outline of the Chichiba Mountains rising in the distance. Kasumigaseki has some 3,000 members. In order to accommodate them, the club maintains two 18-hole courses. They are like no other layouts you have ever



SNEAD AND GOLL. The Slavner couldn't buy a putt, and he thought the real stars of the show were the caddies, farm girls who toiled the heavy bags with a permanent smile.

seen in that each hole has two separate and distinct greens, one planted with ryegrass and the other with Koral grass. One green swings out of the fairway to the left and the other breaks out to the right. More often than not, the two greens are separated by bunkers and by mounding that functions for both greens, and the over-all architecture has been handled so skillfully that on just about every hole the two greens are about equal in strength and

appeal. During the cold season the ryegrass greens are used. When they die out with the coming of the hot summer weather, the Koral greens, dormant in winter, are up and ready. For the Canada Cup the Koral greens were in play, and they presented quite a problem. They are about three times as difficult to putt as Bermuda grass, to which they bear a general resemblance, because they are about three

outlined

THE SCRUTABLE EAST

railroad

times as wiry and tufty. The grain of the grass grows hectorically in every direction, like the extra-rough beard featured in shaving-cream commercials.

Ono and Nakamura patted these greens far more successfully than any other team, and this, of course, had a great deal to do with their superior scoring. On the second day, when Fred couldn't buy a putt, Ono, a slim, deer chap who began his golf as a caddy in Manchuria, holed three putts of over 20 feet on the front nine, and Nakamura had five one-putt greens coring in. On the third day they holed between them a total of 10 fairly long ones ranging from 12 to 23 feet. Over the four days their play from tee to green was steady rather than exceptional. Neither is a stylist, or close to it. On his backswing Nakamura lurches his whole body way around to the right, thrusting his hands into the air as if to grab the rope of a bell in a bell-ringer. Ono has a very flat backswing on which he loosely flips the club open and shut with his wrists. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding these variations on orthodoxy, they both come into the ball well. Their driving, while short, was at least as straight and serviceable as any of their rivals'. Their iron play was far from brilliant but it was good. And this Nakamura chap—well, there are some difficult shots he plays with audacious precision for all of his lurching backswing. Twice he was trapped off the tee on par 4s and banged a spoon from the sand to within 20 feet of the stick, picking the ball up as cleanly as a whistle.

The rough, unpredictable texture of the Kora greens is the one weakness of the east course at Kasumigasaki, over which the tourney was played. Otherwise, it is a true championship layout—6,895 yards long and with only two holes that could be considered weak, two shortish par 5s that can be birdied without too much trouble by professional players. In its general aspect, the course resembles Pinehurst more than any other well-known American layout, for the majority of the holes are either shut in or bordered by handsome stands of pine and cedar. It has some 132 traps which are well placed and beautifully contoured with that specific esthetic sensibility the Japanese have for landscaping. The outstanding feature of the course, though, is the fairways. They are of Kora grass, and whatever shortcomings this strain may have for putting, it makes

the finest fairways in the world. It stands up firm, like the bristles of a hairbrush. Nearly every lie is a perfect lie. Kasumigasaki was designed about 28 years ago by an amateur architect named Kinya Fujita, now a retired export-import merchant.

Onto this charming course poured the most courteous golf galleries imaginable—close to 12,000 spectators on Sunday, the day of the final round. Proud as they were of the exploits of their countrymen, they applauded with matching enthusiasms whichever team was paired with the Japanese, being particularly receptive toward "Sneado" and "Demuray," as they pronounce the names of the American veterans. Between shots and while a player was executing his shots, the galleries were as respectfully quiet you could hear a putt drop, literally. Quite a few women were in the galleries, only a handful in kimono, the rest in Western sportswear of English cut. As for the men, they were dressed very soberly in gray, black and brown business suits. Japanese galleries voice their golf comments almost always in English. After a well-struck shot, they pipe to one another, "Gaedoshattah" or "Nysashattah," as if they were one-word expressions. They are properly appreciative of the value of a "Wanputtuh-green." Occasionally they will groan a sympathetic "Ooki!" (too bad) when a man fluffs a trap shot or does something else of little value, now and then you overhear a soft "Four Dead" (well played, sir) breathed sibilantly forth, but English is the accepted language for golf. "As a matter of fact," an English-educated official of the Japan Golf Association confided with a twinkle, "the only English many of my Japanese friends know are golf terms—driver, bogey, bunker, three-putt green, and the rest." Considering that they are comparatively new hands at golf, they know the game very well indeed and they are crazy about it.

EXPERT CADDIES

The real stars of the show from the players' point of view were the Japanese girl caddies—no question about this. Doll-faced and bright-eyed, they range in age from 15 to 22 or so, but they appear to be much younger. They are uniformly small even for Japanese girls, but they are lame girls and as strong as ponies. They whip the colonial golf bags of the pros onto their shoulders with no apparent effort and, their arms lit up with happy smiles, they half walk, half scamper down the fairways faster and more gracefully

than most American women can move when they are hardened down with a porkchop. And they can saddle! They are expert judges of distances, and flabbergasted Demaret and Snead by calling their clubs right on the nose after watching them hit the ball on three or four holes on their first practice round. Some of the caddies speak some English—that is, they can tell you the number of yards to the pin or the names of the clubs—but others communicate by touching the head of the club and through similar sign language. I don't know what their regular outfit is, but for the Canada Cup they were decked out in navy blue golf caps, vivid red jackets (with the name of the player lettered in white in front, the name of his country on the back), navy slacks, red socks and white sneakers. Accompanying such foursomes was a fifth girl in a navy blue jacket, sort of a mobile greenkeeper. She carried, slung over her shoulder, a small canvas bag filled with a mixture of topsoil, fertilizer and grass seed. Whenever a divot was dug, she scooped some of the mixture out of her bag with a tiny shovel, filled the hole, and pressed it down with her heel. She also carried a toothless rake, and whenever a player had business with a bunker, she would enter it as he departed and erase every clue of his visit. We can learn quite a lot from the scrutable East.

All of us who were fortunate enough to be on hand for the fifth Canada Cup match will carry with us a hundred and one pleasant memories of a tournament that was beautifully run and beautifully won—the greatest victory the Japanese have ever scored in a major sports competition. (Nakamura may well become a national hero, and he is a fine type of man for such a spot.) For myself, if I were to try to select just one typical visual impression to epitomize the happy affair, I know what it would be. It would be a landscape, the view you get as you look down a long par 4 from behind the green toward the distant tee. Under the slate-gray sky, with the pines tall in the background, a foursome of golfers is walking down the fairway after their tee shots. And out in front of the players, hustling along almost in perfect step, all gaiety and yet all proficiency, move a quartet of girl caddies in their red jackets, bright as tansies against the gray pastel of the autumn scene. (EPP)

FIVE GIRLS. Four caddies and a mobile greenkeeper, accompany Chikuo, Swedish player facing Kasumigasaki's 28th green.



IT BELONGED TO THE COACHES

No other sport puts quite so much emphasis on the importance of the coach and coaching as football. On days like last Saturday the coaches may even assume greater importance than the players on the field—either through timidity (as with Evanshick of Iowa) or a misapprehension of Fate and Taylor of Stanford). But the saddest coaching news came from Princeton.



CAPTAIN SLADE CUTTER (LEFT); INSPIRED HART'S VICTORY OVER NOTRE DAME; COACH EDDIE ERDELATZ (RIGHT) ENGINEERED IT

A SCRIMMAGE FOR SLADE

Captain Slade Cutter is an authentic hero in the athletic and combat history of the United States Naval Academy. He kicked the winning field goal in the 1934 victory over Army, and he has been a distinguished naval officer since he left the academy. As a submarine commander during World War II he was awarded four Navy Crosses, the most ever held by one man. Since August, Cutter has been athletic director at Annapolis, and, as befits an old salt, he runs a tight ship. He has been close with athletic funds, saving toward a new stadium, and he cut out such tomfoolery as letting the players wear cow-

boy hats when they played at California. He also said, earlier this season, that all Navy games except the one with Army are scrimmages.

This Navy team, on the other hand, is a high-spirited, light-hearted one. After playing too tightly in their loss to North Carolina, the midshipmen dreamed up a girl friend to inspire them against Cal. She was a young lady named Rosy Rogoni, and all week before the game the Navy team kidded about winning the big one for Rosy. Bob Relfoyder, Navy's 335-pound tackle, explained it this way: "We were sort of spoonin' Notre Dame.

They're always winning for somebody, but sometimes if it didn't work for us. So we decided to dedicate the rest of the games this year to somebody."

This week the Navy squad, a bit miffed at the hats-off rule in California and the remark about scrimmages, dedicated the Notre Dame game to Captain Slade Cutter, their new athletic director. They did it in the same facetious way they dedicated the Cal game to Rosy, and it worked just as well. It came as a surprise to Captain Cutter to hear about it after the game, but he took it like the good sailor he is. "I think it's just wonderful the spirit those kids had," he said. "They sure went out to win." And now Navy seems to be a tight and a happy ship.



PICKED UP: Coach Bobby Dodd of Georgia Tech gloats delightedly over the Engineers' 13-3 upset win over Duke as he gets a lift from his happy players. They are (left to right) Tex Anderson, Jerome Green, Floyd Fawcett, Jim Beeson, Lester Rimmerville and Cal James. Duke, a heavy-ranked power team, was stopped cold as its ground game, which has averaged more than 300 yards a Saturday, managed only 109. And the Tech backs whacked the third-best defense in the nation for 232 yards.

USED UP: Chuck Taylor of Stanford found himself in the coach's worst predicament Saturday. Playing Oregon with a possible Rose Bowl bid at stake, Taylor's Indians scored with five minutes remaining to trail 26-23. Then, with only 55 seconds left, Stanford had fourth down on the Oregon nine-yard line. A field goal was in order, but Taylor's bookkeeper discovered Al Harrington, his place kicker, had used up his fourth-quarter eligibility and could not return to the game. A pass failed, and Oregon won.



LET UP: Coach Forest Evashevski, the Iowa iconoclast, ignored his philosophy of winning football to settle for a 21-21 tie with Michigan before a nationwide NBC-TV audience, many of whom were watching TV football for the first time in full color. After the Hawkeyes had rallied for two touchdowns in the second half to overcome Michigan's 21-7 lead, they took possession of the ball in their own territory with four minutes left to play. Evashevski then instructed his quarterback to play it safe and freeze the ball to preserve Iowa's unbeaten record. Before the season began, Evvy had told a reporter (SI, Sept. 29): "You've got to play to win. Not to look good but to win." Nonetheless, Evvy still thought he was justified in going for the Big Ten title even though he was booed by the fans when the game was over.

FOR MORE FOOTBALL, TURN PAGE

HOWLER IN THE BOWL

TIME and Yale bulldog, being comforted after Yale's 14-14 tie with Dartmouth Saturday, was the unfortunate victim of an official's bookkeeping error. Yale had Dartmouth on the hip with a 7-point lead and the game practically over when victory disappeared in a welter of confusion abetted by a real howler by Field Judge Henry D. Hornell. With 18 seconds to go, Dartmouth, moving on a belated but effective passing attack, scored the touchdowns which gave them the tie, kept them undefeated and may have assured them of an Ivy League title. But Mr. Hornell, assistant principal of Medford, Mass. high school, contributed greatly to Dartmouth's game-moving touchdown by losing track of the Yale substitutions.

Yale had gone ahead 14-7 with only one minute and 58 seconds to play. Dartmouth returned the ensuing kickoff to its own 42. Now Dartmouth, which had completed only one pass in the first 58¹/₂ minutes of the game, went desperately to the air. Yale's astute coach, Jordan Oliver, hustled Bill MacLean, whose number is 88, back into the game at end after Dartmouth completed a pass on the Yale 46. The Yale

student managers, who keep track of such things, had assured Oliver that this was the first time MacLean had been sent into the game in the fourth quarter, so he was an eligible substitute.

"MacLean is a strong pass rusher," Oliver said later. "I knew Dartmouth would be throwing long, and I wanted to put as much pressure on the passer as I could." But Hornell, consulting his list of circled numbers indicating the players who had already been sent in during the fourth quarter, waved MacLean back. Then he paced off 16 yards, putting the ball on the Yale 26. The penalty was for an illegal substitution. MacLean was sent back to the bench, and Pete Riddle, whose number is 83, and who was to have been replaced by MacLean, was not allowed

to play, since he had left the field when MacLean appeared. Oliver had to call on a third-string end who provided no rushing at all, and Dartmouth pamed its way to the tying touchdown.

Later, Oliver checked the movies of the game, found that MacLean had gone into the game in the third quarter, played on into the fourth and was, indeed, eligible to return. The Dartmouth bench had been keeping check on the Yale substitutions, too, and their records also showed MacLean eligible. In face of this evidence against him, Hornell said, later:

"The boys on the sidelines told me I was wrong, but I had 88 circled, and my conscience wouldn't let me take their word for it. The day a football game can be officiated without mis-



DAFFER DAIL: YALE'S DISCONSOLATE BULLDOG MASCOT, IS COMFORTED BY CHIEFLEADER



CALDWELL OF PRINCETON

When Princeton Coach Charles W. Caldwell Jr. died of cancer last Friday, at the age of 66, college football lost one of its finest figures. In an era of Tn, split-Ts and multiple offenses he was an outstanding member of the old-fashioned single-wing offense. Not that there is anything old-fashioned about the Caldwell version of the single wing. As head coach at Yale during four of the most successful years in Princeton football history (1948-51) I write with authority, for Charlie's teams always beat mine. In fact, Charlie started calling me "Cousin Herman." I thought at first it was because we were born within 25 miles of each other in upper east Tennessee, he at Bristol and I at Johnson City. Finally, I realized that he was

using the old baseball expression that buttons apply to pitchers they can hit. Charlie was real fond of me.

For four years my daily thoughts and evening nightmares were intermingled with a system of defenses to contain the Princeton single-wing attack. During the 1950 season, when Dick Kazmaier spearheaded the Tigers' best and most advanced team, our scouts reported over 30 variations of offensive alignments, including double flanks to the strong side, the fullback set as a flanker to the short side, the tailback set as a flanker, any of the backs in motion to either side, split ends on either or both sides with any combination of the above. Yet all the time the offense seemed to function with the utmost efficiency.



ARTHUR DARTMOUTH MADE LONG SCORE

takes that's the day we can quit. The players holler their numbers from 15 yards away sometimes, so certainly I could have made a mistake. But, according to my record, MacLean was entering for the second time. If I made a mistake, I'm sorry it happened."

Oliver was even sorer about the error which could cost him the Ivy League title. "It's a bad rule," he said. Football, once a game of strength and speed and agility, has lately been overburdened by rulesmakers. Where once three men could offstage a game, five are needed now. As Oliver might have pointed out, the Yale-Dartmouth game, despite the thrills of its last-minute theatrics, wound up in an inconclusive tie which was clouded by too much unnecessary officiating. **KHR**

One important fact Caldwell learned early was that a coach, like any other teacher, must know the college he serves. As he stated in his book, *Modern Single Wing Football*: "If he doesn't understand just how the caricatures operate, what challenges his players are facing in other phases of university life, and the balance offered between athletics and the primary purposes of higher education, he is in for trouble. From my standpoint football players are first college undergraduates and then football players. Consequently, coaching methods, or perhaps the philosophy of coaching, must be part of the total educational process."

Since 1943, when Caldwell took over the duties of Princeton football, he had carved himself a niche among the greats of the game.

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Decision out of Confusion

The race of the year is finally on, but not before the fans had been led a merry dance by owners and tracks

ONE GREAT RACE and one race that might have been just as great are coming up within the next week. On Saturday, in the \$75,000 Trenton Handicap at Garden State, we finally get the long-awaited and decisive meeting of the four leading candidates for Horse of the Year, Gallant Man, Round Table, Dedicate and Bold Ruler. This brilliant quartet may be joined in the mile-and-a-quarter run by Wise Margin, Manteau and either Iron Liege or Fabius representing Calumet Farm.

Two days later the center of attention will be at Laurel for that colorful mile-and-a-half spectacle known as the Washington D.C. International. However, this \$100,000 affair, which actually represents the only U.S. attempt to bring together the best horses from England, France, Ireland, Germany, South America and our own shores, has run into some hard luck. Only the French this year appear to be making a serious forays bid for the prestige of winning this rich stake. The country whose Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe is still the best of all international tests is sending over Rose Royale II, Denay and Mastival, a trio of thoroughly representative challengers, and Jockeys Jean Marned, Guy Chancelier and Jean Deforge, three rearmen of the top rank. Germany gets in this big show with Nisio; Ireland with a fair handicap horse in Stephanotis; and Venezuela with McKinley.

It must be as discouraging to U.S. supporters of international racing as to the Laurel management that England—the home of traditional classic racing—has seen fit to snub the International altogether. One of the obvious reasons is that the best horses are unavailable. Cripple and Ballymore, the logical emissaries from Britain's classics, are sidelined with injuries and most of the second-stringers, having

failed to win big-name stakes, hardly represent an interesting drawing card.

American participation in the 1983 International is somewhat obscure. At one time this fall Laurel had hopes of corraling not only Gallant Man but Round Table and Dedicate as well. Now the U.S. hopes will in all probability rest with Christopher T. Chenery's Third Brother, a colt with respectable if not first-class qualifications and one more horse in the same category.

A WAIT FOR WEIGHTS

The confusion over which American horses were going in either the Trenton Handicap or the Laurel International would have been missing had these races not been scheduled within 48 hours of each other. Nonetheless, the conflicting reports from the two tracks raise some points of serious public concern. First, it is fully the prerogative of every owner and trainer to decide on their own exactly where and when their horses should start. This decision—based on the condition of the horse, condition of the track, weights, caliber of opposition and availability of jockeys—is not the responsibility of the track. But a track's obligation—especially in a race of such importance as the Trenton—might be to release the weights well enough in advance (instead of five days before the race) so that the owner of each prospective entry could declare his intentions one way or the other. (The whole question of weights and their value as a lure by which a track with an unscrupulous Racing Secretary can entice a big-name horse is a subject which could stand further investigation by a body with the prestige of The Jockey Club—whose story is told beginning on page 60 of this issue.)

In this case, no criticism can be directed at the weights allotted in either

the International or the Trenton. But because the Trenton weights did not appear until early this week, Gallant Man's connections found a fortuitous excuse for keeping their intentions to themselves and depriving the public of information which it deserved to have.

In recent weeks Owners Travis Kerr of Round Table and Ralph Lowe of Gallant Man have been playing a sort of patty game with both Garden State and Laurel: allowing both tracks hopes of getting both horses for the sake of a publicity buildup for what each wanted to call "The Race of the Year."

As long ago as September 15 Laurel announced receipt of the following telegram signed by Kerr: "Gentlemen: Kerr Stables, owned by myself, wife and daughter Nancy, consider it an honor to accept your invitation for Round Table to represent the U.S. in the sixth running of the Washington D.C. International at Laurel Race Course on November 11, 1983." A few weeks later Trainer Willie Maher shipped Round Table to Garden State and announced that the colt would not run in the International.

In Gallant Man's case there was indecision as late as last Sunday when Trainer Johnny Nerud, having permitted both tracks to believe he'd bring his 3-year-old star to their establishments, said, somewhat confusingly, "I want to be Horse of the Year and I want to win the International for the prestige. But right now we aren't committed to either of these races."

Dedicate's case is a little different. His owner, Mrs. Jan Burke, declined the invitation to Laurel on the ground that her horse was injured and had to pass up The Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont. When he returned to form she sent him not to Laurel but to Garden State to train for the Trenton.

Racing today is a prosperous sport and the people in it—both on the management and spectator levels—are not nitwits. But if the public which supports this spectacle has a right to expect anything, that something is an honest account of the news instead of calculated deception for the sake of publicity. There is full justification for a famous horse backing out of a big race with an excuse of injury or illness—as was the case within the past two years with Nambra, Swamp, Gen. Duke and even Dedicate. But it is another matter when the public is deliberately misled. It's high time both owners and tracks awoke to the realization that there has never been any percentage in killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

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LAST LAUGH FOR THE KID

The once-rejected Lemon Drop Kid wins again in Kansas City, and at the Pennsylvania National show Mexico's General Mariles finds a fight and loses to the British

by ALICE HIGGINS



LEONARD R. B. CHRISTY

ONLY FOUR YEARS AGO the triumphant fine harness horse on this week's cover, The Lemon Drop Kid, entered an auction ring in St. Louis and changed his destiny. As he hurtled into the arena, catching a wheel on the gatepost, the horsemen gathered to appraise him nodded sagely; what they had heard was true. The Lemon Drop Kid, spectacular as he looked, was as wild as a March hare—which was why he was up for sale.

As Lemon worked that day he did more things wrong than right, and the bidding was slow. It finally crept up to \$5,500 and there it stayed. The auctioneer pleaded and wheedled, but the high bid made by Irene Zane, manager of the Sunnyslope Farm, held. Crushed, Floyd Sholner, the horse's breeder and owner, took the microphone and flatly announced, "No sale. I'll take him back to California before I let him go at that price. Why, \$7,500 would be rock bottom." Irene Zane looked across the crowd at Jay Ute, Sunnyslope's trainer, who raised his eyebrows in question. Both trainer and manager turned and looked at Mr. R. B. Christy, the farm's owner, who was seated in the stands. Christy looked at the rafters, then slowly nodded yes.

By any proved standard, Mr. Christy's gamble was a long one. Back in Puente, California, where Lemon was foaled, he started life as a disappointment. Not only was he a washed-out beige in color, but he had a bluish taint from the way he had been carried. Floyd Sholner, for the first time in his 25 years of breeding, dropped a foal from the futurity. The son of Cameo Kirby and Miss Chatterbox was a dud.

But appearances were deceiving. By the time Lemon was a yearling Sholner and his daughter Ella Mae looked again and saw something highly explosive in the youngster. His color had deepened—he was now a rich, golden chestnut, with a flaxen mane and tail—and his motion was as brilliant as his coat. The bluish had disappeared. He had been named Master Chatter at his birth, but his appearance was so arresting that the Sholners felt a new name was needed. Darron Runyon provided it—The Lemon Drop Kid. As Runyon readers will recall, The Lemon Drop Kid laughed last.

Naming him, however, turned out to be a far easier task than breaking him. Lemon had few law-abiding inclinations. In fact, he left a trail of broken buggies and jog carts that would have dismayed a man of lesser faith. But, under Trainer Marty Mueller, Sholner's trust was justified. As a 3-year-old shown by Mueller, Lemon was a sensation. "Not as far as his manners went . . ." Mueller recalls, "but there was that something about him that made you sure you had your hands on

the best in the world every time you touched him. . . . He's a horse that is always trying to do better."

But before Lemon could go on trying to be better, Mueller departed to go into business for himself, and the Sholners were left once more with their problem. Their new trainer was afraid of Lemon, so the horse quickly reverted to his earlier, laming habits. He was too wild in his ways for Ella Mae in ladies' classes, so Sholner faced the cold facts (the gelding whose looks and way of going caused such rare tingles of excitement was so full of the devil that few men dared to sit behind him. Sholner decided to sell).

So when R. B. Christy made his purchase in St. Louis and took Lemon home to Kansas, Trainer Jay Ute faced the challenge of finding the key to a great performer who was used to having his own way. Besides his wild lunge, Lemon also had the unpleasant habit of grabbing one side of the bit. Jay sat patiently to work. When the weather was bad he rode him. "It was like being on a horse that was trying to climb a ladder," he recalls. Most of the time, however, he drove—for, despite the advice of experts who claimed that Lemon's mane and tail should be trimmed so he could be shown as a walk-trot, Jay was determined to keep him in fine harness. "He's not a horse you can force," he explained. "You've got to talk him out of things. . . . He sure keeps me thinking."

Then came the spring, and Lemon, 5 years old and no longer a junior, was ready for open classes. It was decided to go to Topeka and discover if Lemon behaved as well in

continued



TWO THOUSAND VOLT VENTURE WAS GREATER IN FINE HARNESSE

LEMON DROP KID

continued

company as he did in his own backyard.

The debut was agonizing. Once there, they barely got him into the ring. It was one of those nightmare evenings where everything went wrong. Lemon stood shaking in the shafts with an advanced case of stage fright. His tail switch slipped and had to be retied. Then the overcheck broke and there was time only for hasty repairs with a shoelace before the class was called. But, once in the ring, everything was right. Lemon, as the saying goes, went as if the ground weren't good enough for him, and he has been going that way ever since.

Undeatable in championship classes since 1955, Lemon, now 8, faces more years of triumph and glory. In fact, some enthusiastic horsemen predict that he won't be defeated for another four or five years. Once, two years ago, he was placed second in an open class, a decision so questionable that the audience booted the winning horse and fellow exhibitors chastised the judge.

All success brings changes, and Lemon is no exception. He has been transformed from a Peck's bad boy into a prima donna who could give even Maria Callas some lessons in being temperamental. No tie stalls for him, as are sometimes offered at small shows where he is exhibited solo as a special treat: he must have a box. And once, when he was placed in a box stall with

no tall boards, he spent the night busily rubbing his tail against the stone wall until he had an embarrassing build up. He had to wear a wig until the hair grew out.

He is just as particular about his stablemate as he is about his stall. He has developed a grand attachment for a five-gaited mare named Stonewall's Princess, and when she isn't there he pines and nickers in lonely anguish. But heartbreak turns to outrage if, when the mare is returned to her stall, she is fed and watered first. If his peevish squeals for attention are ignored he becomes more vehement and kicks the walls of the stall. If this rouses no interest he turns downright sulky and gets to work methodically shredding his blanket.

Sassy and serious

Lemon also gets a deep satisfaction out of teasing new greens. He will leave the stall with newcomers like a perfect Little Lord Fauntleroy, but then, as quick as a snake, he will clamp his teeth on arm or shoulder. He doesn't really bite. He holds on long enough to see how easily they score.

When it comes to showing, however, Lemon is all business. Every piece of tack, each strap, must be exactly where he wants it. If the hackband is a little too far forward, he'll twitch, twist and shrug until he gets it just right. Then, like a boxer on the ropes, he starts warming up, lifting first one leg and feeding the muscles in the forearm, next

the other, until he is lithe. Then—into the show ring.

And to the rail, owners and trainers whose memories are long and jealousies often sharp, run down the list of fine harness immortals—Vanity, Noble Kalamata, Regal Aire—and acclaim The Lemon Drop Kid as greatest. They may sigh with envy but they watch him with pleasure and affection. Everyone knows it will be a long time—if ever—before there's another like him.

The Lemon Drop Kid, memorable as usual, just last week added another star to his championship diadem by again winning the stake at Kansas City's American Royal. And winning in Kansas City, as everyone well knows, is no small achievement. This year the show drew a staggering 1,124 entries, while at Harrisburg, the Pennsylvania National, which ran during the exact same days and codes prestige to no one, drew close to 800.

That one owner could simultaneously win stakes at these two great shows seems slightly improbable, but that is exactly what did happen. In Kansas City, Lady Carrigan, winner of the World's Five-Gaited Championship at Louisville earlier this year, finished off an undefeated season with victory at the Royal. Garland Bradshaw was again in the saddle, but now he was riding for a different owner; 22-year-old Jolie Richardson of Atlanta had bought the horse from Molly Moody. "We got so tired of always being sec-

FOR BRITAIN IT'S THE LADIES 2 TO 1

The triumphant trio shown making a tour of the ring at Harrisburg, Pa. is the King-Bob Equestrian Team of Pat Smythe (left), Ted Williams and Dawn Palethorpe. Now in New York (Nov. 3 to 12) for the National Horse Show, they are odds-on favorites to duplicate their Harrisburg victory.

Other than the high quality of their riding, the British team has generated enormous interest because of the two women on it—the first time in the U.S. that an international team had more girls than men. The best known, and probably the best rider, is Pat Smythe. She, by the way, has jumped a horse higher than any woman and most men (she once took her Prince Hal over 7 feet 2½ inches) at the Sky-Hi Jump in Harrisburg the best was Miss Virginia's 6 feet 6 with Linky Smith aboard. She was also the first medal-winning woman in Olympic jumping. But Dawn Palethorpe, an athletic rider on the Olympic team, is riding hand behind her, and New Yorkers may well see a friendly contest duel within the international duels.





JULIE RICHARDSON, WITH GARRYMORE

end to Carrigan that we finally bought her!" explained Julie. "You know how it is! If you can't beat 'em, buy 'em." And as an indication of what there was to beat in Kansas City, there were 96 — yes, count them, 96 — horses entered in the stakes. As usual, only a small percentage of those listed felt it worthwhile, when the eighth day of competition rolled around, to put up a fight. Lady Carrigan, who is just as tough to ride as The Lemon Drop Kid is to drive, might as well have been in a class by herself. The fight was for second place, and it was finally won by Susan Richtmyer's chestnut gelding, Red Gold.

Meanwhile, on the same Saturday, at the opposite end of the country, Julie's other horse, the big bay Garrymore, was being shown at Harrisburg by Garland Bradshaw's brother Frank.

Garrymore too faced top stock, but, working like a picture horse, he pleased both crowd and judges. It came as no surprise when for the third year in a row he was named the champion free-gaited horse at the Pennsylvania National.

"Isn't it a coincidence," Julie pointed out, "I was born on St. Patrick's Day and now I own the two top-gaited horses in the country and they both have Irish names!" She patted Garrymore fondly. "I don't know yet what we'll do about these two next year," she continued. "Garland will keep Lady Carrigan—he's the one who made her and he's the only one who can ride her. When I told Frank I'd bought her he said, 'Now don't you move her, don't you even change her stall! I've got enough troubles without taking her on.'" continued



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LEMON DROP KID

continued

Other exhibitors had troubles of a different order. Max Boehm, who rode Mrs. Hubert's Velvet Lassie to triumph in the tough \$8,500 sweep-stake, discovered he had been suspended by the American Horse Shows Association for an earlier rule infringement and was thus ineligible to ride for the rest of the year. The international teams faced the biggest trouble of all, although it came in more attractive form. The English Equestrian Team (see bar), on their first visit in five years, skimmed off the lion's share of the blues that in former years had been the almost exclusive property of Mexico's Brigadier General Humberto Mariles (SI, Oct. 28). The general made a fight (Mexico captured three blues) but found himself dogged by petty disaster—sick horses, a broken stirrup leather that cost him a class, a popped girth and, finally, two humiliating falls.

Affair of honor

As if this weren't enough, the general, whose temper is as feroceous as his equestrian technique, discovered the Chilean team in a rule violation. With some asperity he pointed out the infraction to the team's scolding captain, Major Oscar Christi. Now it just so happened that these two didn't like each other very much anyway—they had tangled two years ago during the Pan-American Games. So Christi, in fine, untranslatable Spanish, warned Mariles to mind his own business. Mariles went on into the ring and made his ride. After the awards, he went on a private search for Christi. He found him.

When the dust of battle cleared, and sundry broken weapons, including a riding crop, had been removed, Christi, in tears, tattled. Major General Albert H. Stackpole, the show's president, stepped in and arranged a shaky peace by threats of expulsion. Both Mariles and Christi publicly denied that blows were exchanged. But, privately, the general still glowered; as for Christi, he was clearly bruised.

The U.S. team, against England's strong competition, looked first-rate. This year there is no star: all three riders—Bill Steiskraus, Hugh Wiley and Frank Chapot—are strong and their horses are ready. As proof, the U.S. team placed second—and some classes were lost not on jumping faults but on time. The Irish managed one win, but the rest of the teams were unable to manage any.

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"THE DEER HUNT" BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST WAS PAINTED ABOUT 1750

EARLY AMERICANS

SPORT IN ART

The paintings on these pages, by untutored and often illiterate artists of an earlier day in our country's history, form a part of the priceless heritage we know as American "primitives." Unless now and all but lost in countless dusty attics, these gems might have vanished into oblivion had it not been for the perception and good judgment of Colonel and Mrs. Edgar William Garbisch, a philanthropic couple who, to the benefit of their grateful fellow men, made the collecting of these paintings a principal aim in life.

Bersée and Edgar Garbisch first embarked on their search for American primitives in 1944 when they chose to furnish their new home on the Eastern Shore of Maryland with American antiques. As connoisseurs of art, and with an active interest in the preservation of historic monuments in this country, they soon became aware of the danger that

continued



EARLY AMERICANS continued

America's early arts might be lost to posterity. They also quickly realized there were many more of these paintings to be had than they could use in their home. From that awareness grew the collection that now numbers about 2,000 pieces. "We saw in these native American works of art," the Garbisches explain, "those unique qualities of simplicity, forthright directness and creative vitality in color and design which set them apart as being so indigenous to our country, so genuinely American."

The Garbisches have given 150 pieces outright to

the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. and have loaned many more. It is from that extraordinary collection, on view for all to see in two galleries at the museum, that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has chosen these four full hunting scenes of great charm and worth.

The period covered in the collection dates from the early 18th century to past the middle of the 19th century. Chosen for their creative imagination and skill, the pictures are a magnificent record of the modes and manners of our early forefathers—American genre.



FOX HUNTING was popular with 18th century Americans, who also loved to commission paintings of themselves and their activities. *The Shot of the Hunt*, c. 1780, is a good example of both interests.

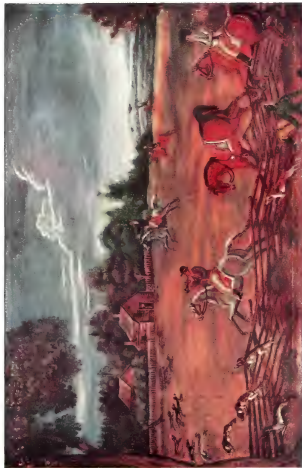
COON HUNTING was tied to a sport typically and peculiarly American. Here, while two men sit on a log, two others make their way through the shadowy woods to where the dogs have treed their prey.



COLONEL AND MRS. EDGAR WILLIAM GARBISCH

Fine arts and sports are shared interests of Colonel Garbisch and his attractive wife, the former Bernice Chrysler. A football star at West Point, he was on Walter Camp's famous 1924 All-America team.





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65 MEN AND THE HORSE

Born of necessity 63 years ago to safeguard the integrity of racing, The Jockey Club has lost much of its authority but none of its enthusiasm for the improvement of the sport

by WHITNEY TOWER

ASKED what he thought of the impact of The Jockey Club on American racing in general, a daily double player at Jamaica last week scornfully replied: "If some of them jocks weren't so busy throwin' shindigs for themselves at the Waldorf-Astoria they could probably give my horses a better ride in the afternoon."

Some time before this, Ashley Trimble Cole, chairman of the New York State Racing Commission and an old hand at dealing with delicate situations, found a genuine gusher in his morning mail. "It was," he recalled later, "a request from my old friend (and former Postmaster General) Jim Farley to help get a friend of his elected to The Jockey Club. I knew, of course, something was wrong because anybody who knows anything about The Jockey Club must know that they simply don't go around electing friends of nonmembers just to do a favor for another nonmember. I got right on the phone to Jim and, after explaining the situation, told him I'd be very pleased to send him a list of The Jockey Club's membership if he cared to pursue the matter further. Suddenly there was a great roar from his end, followed by, 'My God, how dumb of me! When I

said Jockey Club I really meant that Turf and Field Club out at Belmont.'"

That anyone so well learned in the school of who-belongs-to-what-social-or-political-group as Jim Farley should even momentarily have confused the identity of The Jockey Club is surprising. But that a Jamaica daily double player should get The Jockey Club mixed up with the Jockeys' Guild (an organization restricted to riders and one which actually gives itself but one shindig at the Waldorf each year) is entirely understandable.

ALL for the best

The truth of the matter is that among the millions of Americans who have even a slight interest in Thoroughbred racing there probably is not more than one in 500 who knows or cares anything at all about this organization that has—for more than half a century—played a primary role in both the development and management of the country's No. 1 paid spectator sport.

Actually, The Jockey Club is far more than a club. It is a group of men claiming belief in—and devotion to—only the highest ideals for the cleanest possible conduct and management of American racing. The group is not big,



JOCKEY CLUB members who double in brain as spectators of the New York race

although the club's membership is the largest in its history (until the death last week of Robert L. Gerry it numbered 66). For most of its long life the club strictly limited its number to 50—half a hundred men who maintained nearly absolute control over both the people and the animals involved in racing along the eastern seaboard.

The Jockey Club member of today is usually the possessor of some degree of distinction outside the field of Thoroughbred racing, but he is nonetheless fully aware that his Jockey Club membership carries neither the full significance nor the almighty authority that was once associated with any wearer of the club's sterling silver membership button. And yet, though the Jockey Club has lost much of its jurisdictional power, its place in racing can be said to be secure. It always has lent a tremendous amount of prestige—and still does—to a sport whose principles have often been questionable and whose motives have from time to time been clearly suspect. More than that, it remains the guardian of the American Stud Book and official registrar for the entire Thoroughbred industry. Thus The Jockey Club still controls all the horses in racing even if it can no longer



tracks meet with their executive secretary Marshall Casady in the club's New York office under a backdrop of Edward Troup's

paintings. They are C. T. Chenery, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Casady, John W. Harbo, James C. Brady, John C. Clark and Ogden Phipps.

dictate to most of the people engaged in the sport. From Saratoga Downs to Golden Gate Fields or from Arlington Park to Hialeah no horse may race until his Thoroughbred identity has been established with the issuance of an official Jockey Club certificate. No Thoroughbred, for that matter, gets an official name until the name has been approved by The Jockey Club.

The rules of racing at most U.S. tracks today are essentially the same rules once drawn up by The Jockey Club. The Jockey Club has also—perhaps not as successfully as might have been expected—taken over the management in cooperation, of course, with the New York State Racing Commission, of racing at New York. It is hardly a coincidence that all 20 members of the board of trustees of the Greater New York Association—which operates Belmont, Jamaica and Saratoga and is building a new track on the old Aqueduct site—also happen to be Jockey Club members.

The Jockey Club member—either with or without the power he inherited within a body that once upon a time simply voted itself power and then hung onto it quite extralegally for almost 80 years—stands first of all for

respectability in racing. In 1800 a Jockey Club steward used his influence toward this end by denying a license to any trainer or jockey considered by the club to be of unsavory character. Fifty years later, with its self-appointed licensing power consecrated for good by law, The Jockey Club can only use its influence as a group of unquestioned integrity to see that the conduct of the sport is kept clean.

That The Jockey Club has been able to succeed in this goal in the face of severe and unfair criticism seems to be justification enough for its continuation as a vital part of the over-all racing scene. And if The Jockey Club member is annoyed at hearing his group categorized as "primarily a social organization, dedicated to the preservation of class distinction and snobbery" he can challenge the critics in the words of George D. Widener, The Jockey Club's present chairman: "We'll probably always be called stuffed shirts, high-hats and just plain snobs. The tragic part of it all is that if our critics took time to learn about The Jockey Club they would see for themselves that we are today interested only in building up racing—and not trying to run it."

The gentlemen interested, as Mr. Widener says, in building up racing have, for the most part, names thoroughly familiar to any regular race track visitor—names such as Widener, Phipps, Morris, Bostwick, duPont, Whitney and Vanderbilt. Many of the other names and faces of The Jockey Club's membership (all 65 of them are shown on pages 62-63) may not be as familiar to racers as would seem likely for a representative national turf body, but then the club has always been predominantly eastern. It always has had its headquarters in New York and has drawn heavily on New York and Philadelphia for its members. There is, for example, only one lifelong resident of California (Santa Anita's Director of Racing Carleton F. Barker) in The Jockey Club, and even proper Boston is represented by but one member, Bayard Tuckerman Jr.

Jockey Club members are, despite what most of their critics say, hard-working men in a multitude of important fields, whether it be representing America at the Court of St. James's or running the King Ranch. But whether

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 64
TURN PAGE FOR JOCKEY CLUB GALLERY



THE 65 MEN WHO WEAR THIS BUTTON



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ALBERT A. BOSTWICK



GEORGE A. BOSTWICK



JAMES OAK BANT



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WILLIAM EWINS



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F. A. JELLIN



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continued

THE JOCKEY CLUB

continued

The Jockey Club man is a Wall Street financier, a diplomat, or just someone whose chief qualification seems to be that he has married into the right racing-minded family—the common bond among members is supposed to be a deep-rooted unwavering devotion to horses. For different reasons, to be sure. It would be difficult, for example, to find any where in the world two more ardent admirers of the great spectacle of a fine, evenly-matched race than F. Ambrose Clark and Harry La Montagne. And yet their fascination with their sport ransoms, in a way, be said to be greater than that of a professional breeder like Arthur B. Hancock, or, in fact, greater than the interest of two former amateur riders like George H. (Pete) Westwick and Stuart S. Janney Jr. At the same time, there is an equally important devotion to racing on the part of such men as John C. Clark, William duPont, Louis Lee Huggins II, Amory L. Haskell, Henry A. Parr III, Donald P. Rose and F. Skiddy von Stade—just to name a few—who at one time or another directed their full attention toward the administration of race tracks. Their very presence lends respectability to a great sport and has helped build up public confidence where it is most needed.

People outside The Jockey Club set rather enjoy picking apart the membership on the grounds that at least a few of the 65 members hardly share Mr. Widener's love of racing nor are interested in his constant quest for "the improvement of the breed." Pointing out, as one critic did not long ago, "that some of these guys couldn't find their way to Belmont Park if you dropped them off at the front gate," the question was raised as to the desirability of such a restricted membership. One man, very close to The Jockey Club scene, said, "If breeders are being elected, what's wrong with taking in trainers? Where are you going to find more knowledgeable or keener horsemen than men like John Gaver, Preston Barch, Bill Winfrey or Sherrill Ward? And why, for that matter, shouldn't they some day elect a jockey?"

Although such an election day may come in another generation it won't in the foreseeable future. Neither, apparently, will the day soon arrive when women will be considered for membership, even though some of America's leading stables are owned and managed by women today. This attitude,

of course, is a carryover from the last century, when racing was strictly a man's world—as was big business—and if a woman took any interest in the sport she was supposed to do so as a dutiful wife rather than as owner or even co-owner. Actually, outside of a handful of ladies, outstanding current example: Mrs. Ogden Phipps) there are few U.S. women thoroughly qualified to take a leading role in the management of national racing affairs.

The Jockey Club member has always—whether he has earned it or not—come to expect respect when he goes racing. His button stamps him as a man fully aware of the luxuries of good living, and as a gesture of courtesy between race tracks the button entitles its wearer to free admittance to any clubhouse grounds. At least it's supposed to. One member, upon arriving at West Virginia's Charles Town track last year, was informed by the gate-man that he'd never heard of The Jockey Club and that if the man wanted in he could get in the same as anybody else—by paying cash. The man paid.

For all the accumulated wealth of its membership The Jockey Club operates like no other club in the world. It is, in fact, just about as "unclubby" as the private chambers of the Supreme Court. It has no elaborate clubhouse

of its own—no any facilities for either housing or feeding its members. Its headquarters are a few large rooms on the 20th floor of the new Colgate-Palmolive Building at 300 Park Avenue in New York. Roughly half of the club's floor space is occupied by a secretarial task force under the direction of the registrar, Mrs. Lillian Brennan. The other half is divided into three areas: the corner office of Executive Secretary Marshall Camdy; the paneled clubhouse where both general membership meetings and those of the nine stewards are held and, finally, an adjoining room which serves as the private office of the chairman of The Jockey Club. Off the latter office is a small anteroom containing a library of foreign and U.S. stud books and trade publications. And, whereas election to The Jockey Club itself is presumed to be a rare honor, there is nothing overly presumptuous or secret about The Jockey Club's rooms. In fact, anybody in the world—on legitimate business—is welcome to come up and dig information out of the stacks of The Jockey Club's library.

Unfair criticism

With not much of a "place to go," so to speak, Jockey Club members seldom find one another just "hanging around" the club's lofty Park Avenue perch. The chief reason for going at all is to attend a meeting, and even at the general membership meetings, according to one member, there is rarely much spontaneous enthusiasm. "When the last minutes have been read and a few general matters discussed we may get around to voting on a new member. The ballot box is passed (one blackball in seven is sufficient to exclude) and then it seems everyone is in a terrible hurry either to dash up the street to the Racquet Club or catch the next train back to suburban Philadelphia."

Because of its social overtones The Jockey Club has often been represented as a body of wealthy men with little regard for anything but their own welfare and the preservation of their own prestige. This is an unfair criticism—for racing has always urgently needed more prestige, and had it not been for an awareness of this fact by the men who founded The Jockey Club more than a half century ago these might never have been the fine racing we know in this country today.

In the 1890s individual racing associations ran their meetings to suit themselves and the dishonesty among

continued



WILLIAM WOODWARD SR., chairman of The Jockey Club, 1930-1950, once favored ruling Eddie Arroyo off U.S. tracks for life.

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THE JOCKEY CLUB

continued

trainers and jockeys (and in some cases even the stewards) had created a situation in New York which was pure heaven for the professional gambler and pure hell for owners and horsemen trying to play the game straight. This was the time before effective racing commissions; there was no Thoroughbred Racing Association; nobody had dreamed of the policing methods of today's superb Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau. Neither had anybody conceived of the protection given to the sport's professionals by such organizations as the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association or even the Jockeys' Guild. To be sure, various jockey clubs ruled over their meetings with a certain degree of authority, but along the eastern seaboard, where virtually all the big owners lived and raced, there was a desperate need for enforced discipline.

It was into this deplorable and unruly mess that a group of wealthy and respected men voluntarily stepped in 1893. Headed by Pierre Lorillard, owner of New Jersey's Ranocas Farm, the group was at first known as the Board of Control, but three years later, under the leadership of James R. Keene, it set itself up as a more representative organization and was, on February 10, 1896, incorporated in New York as The Jockey Club. The model chosen on which to pattern the operation of the new Jockey Club was The Jockey Club in England, which since 1759 had been in absolute control of the sport in Britain. Its self-appointed, or extra-legal, power encompassed a great deal of territory, ranging from a nationwide control of licensing to the prescription of rules for racing, and, naturally, enforced discipline to see that The Jockey Club's rules were not abused. The Jockey Club's aims were set down in very positive language:

"First: To establish a firm authority over all racing upon all the Associations' courses which may come under its control.

"Second: To punish offenders against accepted racing laws.

"Third: To protect the interests of the public and thereby insure its confidence and support.

"Fourth: To maintain and dispense exact justice in respect to all questions pertaining to racing. . . ."

John Hunter, one of the owners who had originally helped organize the Board of Control, was elected the first chairman of The Jockey Club and upon

his resignation shortly thereafter he was succeeded in 1895 by August Belmont. The Jockey Club's first influential and powerful leader. Since Belmont's "reign" the club has had but three other chairmen: Frank K. Sturgis, William Woodward Sr. and the present chairman, George D. Widener. From the very beginning these men, who had chosen to assume the tremendous responsibilities of managing a growing sport, ruled with a firm hand. The truces that chose to align themselves with Jockey Club jurisdiction—which included all New York tracks at a time when New York was the unchallenged focal point of national racing—were allotted racing dates by The Jockey Club, had their officials appointed by The Jockey Club stewards and also had their cases heard before Jockey Club stewards, who acted, in effect, like a Senate committee of racing, ready to investigate and cope with any problem that came up.

The great challenge

To be effective The Jockey Club often had to be tough, and much of the antagonism against it grew from rulings which sometimes seemed unduly severe. Any habitual "bad boy" was ultimately ruled off for life, and many a part-time bad boy received the scare of his life. One such scare resulted from an incident in 1942 at Aqueduct. Eddie Arcaro had a score to settle with a Cuban rider named Vincent Nodarse who had shot him off at the start of a race. Arcaro went after his foe and did everything he could to put him over the infield fence. Nodarse survived but Arcaro very nearly didn't. Called before the stewards—who were experimenting at the time with a tape recorder for jockey hearings—Arcaro stormed into the room yelling, "I'd have killed that Cuban son of a bitch if I could!" Chairman Woodward and Steward Marshall Cassidy were so horrified at what they heard that both were in favor of ruling Eddie off the race track for life. As it was, he did a year on the ground before Woodward, in receipt of a letter from Arcaro's contract employer, Mrs. Payne Whitney, in which the owner of Greenlee Stable beseeched leniency for her favorite jockey, finally consented to lift the sentence. Recalling the circumstances of the case recently Mr. Widener remarked, "I will always believe that the year Eddie had on the ground was what really soothed him. In the years since then he has become not only a great rider but also a credit to the sport and a man who respects the author-

ity that any honest sport must have."

The absolute authority of The Jockey Club was, to be certain, challenged from time to time, but the club's position was nonetheless secure until the great challenge of 1949: the celebrated Fink case. Jule Fink, a member of a group known as the "speed boys," was denied an owner's license by The Jockey Club on the ground that he was an associate of bookmakers. It wasn't the first time an owner had been turned down, but it was, as it turned out, the first time The Jockey Club had crossed swords with anyone possessing Fink's indefatigable tenacity. Working with a lawyer thoroughly acquainted with corporation law, Fink succeeded in proving that The Jockey Club's self-granted "right" to issue occupational licenses was an unconstitutional usurpation of authority. So, suddenly, after half a century of what amounted actually to unlimited power, the club now found itself detached from one of its strongest arms.

If The Jockey Club had not possessed many other desirable attributes, the Fink decision might have killed it. Actually, the club shifted smoothly from a directional to an advisory role. In New York, for example, all occupational licenses are now issued by the three-man Racing Commission, a politically appointed body which nonetheless relies heavily on Jockey Club counsel. Whereas The Jockey Club also once wrote, rewrote and revised the *Rules of Racing*, the task has similarly fallen to the Racing Commission, which still, however, calls on The Jockey Club for approval before making its rulings final. A most harmonious feeling exists between The Jockey Club and the Racing Commission today (as there likewise is between The Jockey Club and racing commissions in states other than New York). The New York State Racing Commission still hasn't seen fit to issue an owner's license to Jule Fink, although, as Chairman Ashley Cole was saying the other day, "if he applied again now, I for one would be perfectly willing to grant him a license—on the grounds that I think he's learned his lesson and has been kept out long enough." Fink, meanwhile, is a regular at New York tracks, where he usually sits with former Racing Commissioner Herbert Bayard Swope. Fink also finds time to write a Saturday racing column in the *New York Journal-American*.

Under each of its revered chairmen The Jockey Club has made invaluable contributions to racing. The first of these, back in 1896 under August

continued on page 76



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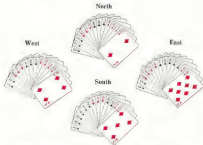
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CARDS ON THE TABLE

by CHARLES GOREN

TIME FOR
THE UPPERCUT



SOUTH WEST

1♣ 2♦
2♣ Pass
Pass Pass

NORTH EAST

2 no trump Pass
4♣ Pass

West led the king of diamonds. East started an echo with the 9. The ace of diamonds was then cashed and West quite properly laid down the ace of clubs and then the jack of diamonds. The dummy played low and, since his partner's jack was high, East took a worthless discard. South, of course, ruffed, extracted trumps and claimed the balance of the tricks.

At the conclusion of the hand, there were mutual recriminations between East and West. East asserted that he did not wish to use his trump when his partner's diamond was high, because for all he knew declarer might have another diamond. This was unsound for two reasons. First of all, West must be presumed to hold five diamonds in view of his vulnerable overcall. Secondly, if declarer had another diamond, West would know it. That would render it completely pointless to cash the ace of clubs; West would have kept that card so that partner could re-enter his hand to lead the fourth round of diamonds.

East, of course, should have played his high trump on partner's good diamond (a technique known as the uppercut), forcing the king, and West would have cashed the setting trick with the jack of spades. West's play was quite thoughtful because he realized that the only hope to defeat the contract was to find East with the king or queen of spades. Cashing the ace of clubs should have put East on his guard. But perhaps West should have gone one step further in his precautionary measures and led a small diamond instead of the jack. This would have made it compulsory for East to trump, and let us be charitable enough to assume that he would have trumped with the queen rather than with the 9.



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BONNIE PRUDDEN

18

Shoulder exercises can help prevent pains in the neck

This is a pull-up press-down motion which can be done while you are standing straight and relaxed or sitting down. Press shoulders down (A) making your neck as long as possible. Pull your shoulders up (B) as close to your ears as you can.



These shoulder-relaxing exercises will help you to avoid today's universal complaint, tension, which often results in stiff and painful neck and shoulder muscles. Success in relaxing these muscles lies mainly in exercising them before they can tighten into throbbing knots. Set up a pattern of doing these exercises at different times throughout the day. A good time is after a phone call. And when you're driving long distances (a sure shoulder-stifferer) do them every 30 miles.



Throw your shoulders back (A) while you raise your chest. Then pull your shoulders forward (B) so that your back is round. Repeat both shoulder exercises four times, and at the end of each series shake your shoulders to loosen them up.

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JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX



THE QUESTION:

Did planned exercise and sports help you become a contestant in the Miss America pageant at Atlantic City?

JODY SHATTUCK



Albino
Miss Georgia

Certainly, Miss America should be athletic. That's the spirit of America. I'm quite athletic. It didn't win me the title of Miss America, but it helped me finish second. I love sports and I'm proficient in water skiing, swimming, tennis and basketball. The confidence sports gave me is a great asset.

SUSAN LIGHTBOWN



Fairfield, Conn.
Miss Connecticut

No, I was always too busy in school with studies and extracurricular activities to bother with sports. I'd much rather watch them, but that's not saying I'm not active. I'm on the go all the time and I do a group of exercises for 15 minutes every evening before going to bed.

NANCY GEMER



Aliso, Calif.
Miss Oklahoma

Sports and exercise aren't everything, but they're important. Without them a girl is too flabby to be a swimsuit for a beauty contest. My sports are basketball, swimming and water skiing. I'm also a cheerleader at Oklahoma University. That helped develop grace and confidence.

LOUI JESS GRAVELLE



Reno
Miss Nevada

Yes, I was active in sports all through Reno High School and during my first year in college. Gymnastics classes were also compulsory. Basketball is my best game, but I play in other sports, including a lot of softball. All this must have helped me acquire ease, grace and good health.

LYNN FREYER



Tucson, Ariz.
Miss Arizona

Sports activity was a great help getting me into the finals. That's because health is good looks. A girl can't be both good-looking and shapely unless she is active and healthy. Horseback riding and swimming are my favorite sports. I've even doubled for Jo Van Fleet in the movies.

MARILYN ELAINE VAN COTTEN



Dresser
Miss America of 1958

I wouldn't be Miss America today if it were not, in large measure, for athletics. Of course, there were other very important factors, but competing on a national level in skiing, horseback riding, golf and swimming develops one the way nature intended. P.S.: I broke in my own horse.

LINDA KAY HATTMAN



Massillon, Ohio
Miss Ohio

Of course, I've been dancing for 18 years. In my opinion, there is no better exercise to develop a graceful, feminine loam, devoid of tightly bulging muscles. Also, in high school, swimming and gymnasium classes were compulsory. I doubt that I'd be here without this training.

KAY NIELSON



University of Nebraska
Miss Nebraska

Undoubtedly. One of the basic judgments in the Miss America pageant is the swim and competition. How can a girl get a high rating in this event without an attractive figure? She can't have this figure without proper exercise. I've danced since I was 3 and learned to swim at 5.

HEATHER HEWITT



Brighton, Pa.
Miss Vermont

Yes, I've always done a lot of horseback riding, water skiing and snow skiing. So much snow skiing, in fact, that I'm a member of the ski patrol at Hogback Mountain. I'm this. I welcome every bit of muscle I get and I enrolled in a gymnasium to get in condition for this pageant.

JUDITH FAYE HANSEN



Astoria, Ore.
Miss Oregon

Yes. If I hadn't engaged in gym exercises and sports, I couldn't have held up through the strenuous days of this pageant. Swimming and horseback riding will help give any girl a good figure without the big arms and shoulder muscles that are unsightly in evening gowns.



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TIP FROM THE TOP

from **MARILYNN SMITH**
Bethel Country Club, Reno



ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN GOLFERS

In my travels around the country, one thing I've noticed about the golf of the average female player is a lack of firmness in the short game. Most of them swing the club back much too far and their wrists collapse all over the place. This is the reason why I would like to describe, and prescribe, a type of chip which I am sure the average woman can learn to play with consistent efficiency.

This shot—you play it with the nine-iron or the wedge—is called the drag shot, for the principal characteristic of the stroke is that the player drags the club back from the ball low along the ground, right on the line of flight. Both hands take the club back, but I think it is a good idea to emphasize the role of the left hand; the back of the left hand remains square to the target both on the short backswing and when you hit through the ball. This shot should be played with a minimum amount of wrist break. The blade starts square and stays square.

Keep in mind that this is a soft shot whether you're playing it from 15 yards out or from the apron. I think of it as being, in its feeling, like a little underhand toss in baseball. I generally play the ball off the right toe, hands slightly ahead of the club head. To play a higher shot, I simply move the ball forward.



Keep backswing low

by Marilyn Smith

Wrist firm as
follow-through

NEXT WEEK: RALPH RUTCHISON ON THE FUNDAMENTALS



Zsazsa and Mrs. John F. Kennedy

Sport in the full life

Senator John F. Kennedy, an Ames graduate alumnus, took his brother won the Intercollegiate Regatta Championship in 1934. He was also a member of the Harvard swimming team—a lot of J.F.K.s which stood for a good reputation. His PT boat was torpedoed and lost in 1941 by a Japanese drifter in the Atlantic Islands during World War II.

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THE JOCKEY CLUB

continued from page 46

Belmont, was the acquisition of the American Stud Book (which was first published in 1865) from Colonel S. D. Bruce, who had discovered publication costs too expensive. The Stud Book, as much a part of racing as the tracks themselves, is a complete and thorough record of every American Thoroughbred, and its publication by The Jockey Club at once gave it the authoritative status that was needed. The maintenance of the official records has always been an integral function of The Jockey Club, and over the years it has accumulated a file of owner certificates, occupational contracts and a complete listing of every owner's racing alias. Jockey Club members themselves don't undertake this thankless but vital chore, but have always lent their support to such tasks with the knowledge that if racing does not keep its own house in order it is hardly worthy of public confidence.

And if August Belmont inspired confidence in a group which was looked upon with some suspicion in the 1890s, William Woodward's 20-year term of office as chairman (1899-1920) was probably the greatest era The Jockey Club has ever known. In those pre-Fink days The Jockey Club still had its power to control New York racing and William Woodward was a man who, on balance, used his power both wisely and influentially. To many people Woodward appeared to be a staid, both man—and yet he had a considerable sense of humor. When he was first informed that owners (as well as trainers and jockeys) would be required by law to take out licenses in New York, he is said to have replied, "I'm damned if I'm going to take out a license just like a damn peddler." Upon being told that there was no way out—even for the chairman of The Jockey Club—his retort was, "Oh, very well then, but I'll be damned if I'll pay any lawyer to legalize the thing." Woodward was an impressive, handsome man who left a lasting impression on the American racing scene. "I think he taught me more about racing than any man I know," said Marshall Cassidy not long ago. "He was shrewd, smart and compassionate, and he used his legal training in the proper analysis of a thousand things he never knew about before. Fifteen minutes after I would tell him something, he knew more about it than I did. He was the only man I ever met who was like that."

If Woodward, as a member and later steward and chairman of The Jockey Club, was a guiding force in the improvement of American racing standards and management, it has remained for a nonmember and paid employee of the club, Marshall Cassidy himself, to build this tradition into a lasting monument to The Jockey Club's unswervingly high ideals. Indeed, it is quite likely that no man in the history of racing anywhere in the world has devoted his life so energetically as has Marshall Cassidy to the perpetual improvement of the over-all efficiency of the sport. The reason is simple: Cassidy knows the sport as no other man because he has lived with it for most of his 65 years. As a teen-ager he served as assistant starter under his



MARSHALL CASSIDY, the director of racing in New York, is the sport's top official.

father, and today he holds the post of director of racing of the comparatively new Greater New York Association.

In the course of his career Cassidy has naturally made many enemies because he has rapped many a knuckle. He has been accused of selfish prejudice in favor of innovations which he himself nurtured from an idea to a reality: for example, The Jockey Club's first unchallenged horse-identification system (developed in cooperation with the Pinkerton Detective Agency) over the more widely used lip tattoo system; or putting increased stress on the value of the film patrol because, as one of his critics points out, "he was the first man to film a race." Although his position as executive secretary of The Jockey Club has made it necessary for him to enforce many judicial decisions which not all horsemen agreed with, Cassidy's

life has been dedicated to building up the sport—and today he can proudly point to a score of Jockey Club-sponsored ideas which have contributed more to Thoroughbred racing than anyone would care to estimate. For one, The Jockey Club pioneered the nationwide adoption of saliva and urine tests (which the various state racing commissions have now seen fit to take under their charge). The Jockey Club has recently announced a new program of typing the blood of Thoroughbreds as an aid not only in the future safety of blood transfusions but also as a surefire check on the identity of foals of double percentage.

A training ground

And, of course, Cassidy will be remembered forever for his role as the unofficial president and headmaster of The Jockey Club School for Racing Officials. An on-the-job training program for promising future officials—whether they are paddock or patrol judges, horse identification supervisors, examining veterinarians, clerks of scales or even licensed stewards already—the Cassidy school has grown in 12 years from an idea into a most unique organization. Hundreds of the most important racing officials in the U.S. today have done a tour of duty at a New York track under the best-trained men in the business—and always under the direct supervision of Cassidy himself. It is students work on a rotation system around every vital race track post, and graduates are in constant demand to accept responsible jobs at major tracks in other states. The Jockey Club makes no charge for the service of training an official and, to date, men have come to learn under Cassidy from every racing state in the country as well as from Canada, Cuba, France, England, Australia, Argentina, Brazil and New Zealand.

Despite its many contributions, The Jockey Club today is faced with a stern challenge for survival in the future. American racing has in the 63 years of the club's blossoming the need for one group of 63 men to dictate the rights and obligations for all. Efficient racing commissions are rising and enforcing the rule book. But most important of all, times have changed and so has the outlook for racing's future. The Jockey Club will continue to safeguard the *Nord Book*, but it can do racing a service by looking ahead instead of into a past that can never be reincarnated. The Jockey Club was once born of necessity because racing had no control whatsoever in that part of the

country which needed it most. The men who founded The Jockey Club refused to recognize that racing was a betting game; their only concern was for the animal, the character and the rules of the sport. Similarly, the founding fathers were men who knew nothing about public relations and cared even less. "When they ran anything," says James C. Brady, currently The Jockey Club secretary and treasurer, "whether it was a railroad, a steel mill, a gold mine or a race track, they grabbed it by the neck and really ran it. And if the public or the press didn't like it, that was just too bad."

In a modern, complicated world where racing is truly a big business involving millions of dollars annually even *The Jockey Club* has learned the value of good public relations. Whether they have learned all there is to know about public relations is, however, open to debate—for if there is one valid criticism of current Jockey Club thinking it is that those members who serve as trustees of the Greater New York Association have failed to show as much armament as a group as they have individually. The GNYA, which, in effect, is nothing more than an executive committee of The Jockey Club, has an obligation to a faithful ranging public. To a certain extent this obligation has been unfulfilled, and to those outside The Jockey Club sphere of influence it seems a little ridiculous that so much collective brain power has not yet produced an efficient working organization.

In the meantime, The Jockey Club is steadily going ahead doing what it deems necessary to maintain the prestige of which it has always been so proud. For the last five summers The Jockey Club has held a round-table conference where certain of its members meet with representatives of every other branch of the racing industry for a few hours of valuable exchange of ideas. This week Chairman Widener and Executive Secretary Cassidy will play host at the first Jockey Club International Seminar in Washington. There will be a good deal of talk about furthering the cause of international racing, and one of the highlights of the two-day luncheon (at which The Jockey Club expects visitors from England, France and Ireland) will be a formal Jockey Club call on President Eisenhower.

As the daily double player at Jaimira might have said, "Man o man, if that Widener guy can get the out to Jamaica some Saturday—that would really be something, eh?" **END**

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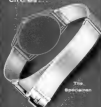
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A DEFINITION OF COURAGE

Sirs:

As the mother of four boys, 10 to 14, living in a difficult neighborhood (are there any others?) in the borough of Manhattan, New York City, I would like to express my appreciation for an important job your magazine is doing, intentionally or otherwise: giving active, yearning-for-adventure, starved-for-waiter boys a broader vision of the world of sport than they can get from watching baseball on television and collecting picture cards from bubble gum. The thoroughness with which you go into a subject, the impact of your excellent photographs do much to catch their attention and encourage further reading.

I would like to ask, however, how thoroughly you may have tried to think through your phrase with such "normal philosophy" as sports? Frankly, because my boys are not avid readers, I have to date been able to peek carefully myself many of your longer articles for reading aloud with them (yes, they like it even at these ages) and have been able to find excellent pieces that emphasize the conscientious application, the skill, the striving, the informed caution that is essential in many of even the most reckless-seeming, hell-for-leather sports. Your article on the job of the jockey, although beyond the boys, who have no interest in horse racing as yet, was a revelation to me, who thought a skinny little guy just get aboard a horse to egg him on and see that he kept running in the right direction. One of your watch earlier piece on the thinking involved in running a mile was similarly illuminating to this product of leatherless family and women's college.

To come to my point, here is what has prompted this letter: In the Oct. 14 issue there is a letter from "what a shock to me!"

Roger Rasmussen, proposing an Sportsman of the Year Fighting Moss, a racing driver. I have no objection to that, but what is God's name (and I mean mainly that) is the meaning of Dr. Rasmussen's recommendation that "apart from mountaineering, no other sport courts death or affords the vision of your friends and rivals mangled, burned or dead." I'll tell you another sport that affords this vision, and quite commonplace on the streets of New York: gang warfare.

It is this occasional odd, completely beyond-my-understanding note that serves my only basis for questioning your "normal philosophy." At times when I read of the thrill involved in killing a magnificent animal, from a safe distance, with a technically superb weapon and with the aid of a guide who did all the hard work, planning and tracking, I wonder how this may differ from the thrill of juvenile warfare in the sprawling jungles of New York. We have the comment of a two-age assassin that he asked to be allowed to strike the first blow in a recent ambush because he wanted to feel "the thrill of a knife going through flesh and bone." Is this the same juvenile violence line in organizing for great groups of these kids an African safari or F. Dr. Rasmussen is right—a sort of J.D. Indagapoff—goodness. Certainly it has been proved that baseball won't hold them.

I don't expect for a minute that you will or could earn anti-killing, but is the real excitement, the real satisfaction, a matter of dealing death? If so, and we can

THE SPUTNIK

Sirs:

We have SPORTS ILLUSTRATED at our house, and your October 21 issue—with the wonderful, somehow air-breathing snail on the cover—was still on the library table when the morning paper arrived.

After digesting the latest news of Soviet astrophysics, it seemed just possible that your October 21 cover should be redrawn. Our suggestion—the work of a few minutes with pencil and eraser—is enclosed for your consideration.

We submit that, since SPORTS ILLUSTRATED covers dogs anyway, the latest Sputnik is definitely in your orbit.

F. MILVARY BREWSTER

Brooklyn

• Our eye is on Sputnik.—Ed.



WINGS—1

accept it in the well-heeled sportsman, how can we deny it in the street boy? Perhaps we should look for the return of city dumps so these kids could exercise their skill with a slip-stem and switch blade on fair and sunny days.

An excellent job has been done in recent years in pointing out to interested Americans that the appeal of the bullfight is not—as at least not primarily—the death of the bull or the possible death of the hero but the skill, the discipline, the courage of the man and the bravery of the brute.

Glorification (as I assumed it from Dr. Bannister's doctor!) of the scouring of death and destruction is done on. Are we expected to be comforted by the fact that Mom has "expressed his private opinions" by becoming engaged to be married?

SEYMOUR ILLUMINATED has done a magnificent job in trying to improve the basic situation which interferes with physical fitness in American youths and adults. You have a tremendous job to do. Please don't let up. But can we not have a more even in that respect now? Are sports an end in themselves or are they reason to build for greater life and growth?

I am not well-meaning, anti-sporting, anti-exaggerating, anti-race driving or anything else, but I am opposed to the "courting" of death being cited as a virtue. Being willing, in the fullness of adult judgment, to risk death in the pursuit of an important aim—test-piloting, exploring the depths of the sea or the caves of the earth—this I can see. Even the giving of self against a reasonably well-matched adversary in a dangerous game such as racing is not beyond my comprehension. But, at the extremes of the scale, to emphasize the thrill of inviting death or of dodging it—this is in my opinion sick, sick, sick.

SEYMOUR B. THOMPSON
New York City

■ In direct reply to Mrs. Thompson's challenging letter, Dr. Bannister rabbed SEYMOUR ILLUMINATED his definition of thoughtful courage as follows: "I do not believe that there is separate sports morality. The philosophy that governs life should govern sport as well. There is no simple answer to this particular problem and I do not pretend to have made up my mind completely. A bachelor presumably has the right to risk his life in some difficult and dangerous enterprise which he finds satisfying because of the mental and physical demands it makes on him. But whether a man has the right to hurt his family by causing endless worry, if not actual disaster, is questionable. Certainly he cannot do so without a consent which his wife may give but which his children are unable to give. There is a distinction between the foolhardy weekend sportsman who without sufficient skill or sense risks his life and a driver like Moss who really understands his sport. It would be insane to engage in any sport in order to see friends 'mangled, burned or dead.' Moss, however, shows thoughtful courage in the face of danger, a courage essential not only to sportsmen but to the human race."—Ed.

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THE AGE OF THE HOBO

In another, less genteel time, the tramp athlete flourished and a well-chosen alias won a football player's best friend

by KYLE CRICHTON

LOOKING OVER the college lineups this year and at all those bright young faces, I felt then that something would be missing for me, and I can only regard it sadly. College football has never been the same since they exiled the tramp athlete.

Before my alma mater Lehigh went mad with self-righteousness, we used to have some fine Homeric creatures on campus, men who looked like Paul Bunyan or Mike Fink and had as little formal education as a goat. They were loud, jolly individuals who dutifully attended classes and made life a joy for jaded instructors, since they made no pretense of understanding inverted commas and answered all the classroom queries with a gargantuan laugh that shook the rafters. They always had trouble at roll call, for they had played under so many different names that they often forgot their present one. If they answered to Arbutnot when their Lehigh name was Dingle, they would say apologetically:

"That must be the one I went by at Southwest College of Chiropractic."

Nothing was more heartwarming in the head cheerleader exhorting the student body to give one short flicker for the left tackle, who happened to be his father. Somewhere in the background must have been a mother, but she probably stayed home, cashed the monthly check and kept an eye out for institutions that would need papa when he had graduated from Lehigh.

On one occasion we brought in a trio of Swedes from Minnesota, some of them with Western Conference records. This proved to be one of our worst investments, for the Swedes discovered the Pennsylvania Dutch soci-

ety of Allentown and were so tired out from dancing at Mealey's with the silk-mill girls that they were useless on the gridiron. All it did was give us a wrong impression of Midwest football, with the result that I still lose money on the Rose Bowl and will probably die convinced that any victory for Michigan or Illinois or Minnesota is a fluke.

In the strictest sense this contingent was not a group of tramps, for they were fired after one season and with the proceeds went into business. One of them, a big handsome cod, is today a distinguished investment broker in Wall Street and, if truthful, will be compelled to state that he got his first notions of finance from his football experience. This gentleman had been an All-Conference choice at Minnesota, with a great reputation for grabbing forward passes. His dreams of Eastern glory, if any, ended on that day when we played Muhlenberg and he was hit by a tackle named Blenheim, who was in his early 40s and had started years ago in the hard-core region around Scranton under his original name of Wrzthyski. Blenheim split our Swede left him for dead.

The Swede had sense enough to retire with honor, and we had the fun of following Blenheim's career. He had still been Wrzthyski when he enrolled as a youngster at Bucknell, had been Oscar P. Cameron at the Holla School of Mines in Missouri, had been Seymour Kiesel at Ouchita Baptist College, Arkadelphia, Ark. His last station was at Sul Ross Teachers College, Texas.

The great treat of our day at Lehigh was to go out to early fall football practice and find what Santa Claus had

continued



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AGE OF THE HOBO

continued

brought us for the new season. Since we had no professional scouts, the tramps must have been operating their traditional grapevine system, perhaps making a cross on the gates of Taylor Field to indicate that this was a friendly household. But it could be very confusing. We would fall in love with a big guard and find him gone next day. Before our distress became acute, another strange mastodon would appear. Sometimes there would be a complete turnover in the first few weeks of practice, but we always opened the season with a full roster.

Oldtimers still talk with reverence of the day when a halfback appeared, was fitted into a suit and proceeded to make a monkey of the Lehigh varsity. Training had already progressed to the point of scrimmage and our hero, inserted at left half on the scrubs, took the ball on the first play and ran 80 yards for a touchdown. Since this was obviously an accident, the teams lined up again. Our man, given the ball once more, weaved through our grunted-toothed huddles like a wraith and was next seen sitting on the ball behind the far goalposts. When he repeated the performance on the third and fourth attempts, the coach led him gently to the athletic offices, where the treasurer was reposing lightly on a bag of bullion. The financial details were settled with a minimum of discussion, and then the coach said:

"Now, you go up to the registrar's office and sign in."

"Registrar?" said our hero.

"Get your books, and all that," explained the coach.

"Books?" said our man, and turned sadly and walked out through the twilight and forever out of Lehigh's life.

At first there was some slight pre-

tense that the tramps were working their way through college, but this was given up when they instituted the practice of clearing the tables in the dining hall by sailing the plates from the far reaches of a room into a basket held by a conferee at the entrance to the kitchen. A compromise was made by installing them in a row of boarding houses at the edge of the playing field, which kept them from the sight of the fraternity houses and also from inquiring reporters. It was whispered about with disapproval that they spent far too much time in Bob's bar, but since they always showed up on Saturday in bone-shattering robustious condition nobody could really ensure them for taking an occasional slug of rye with a beer chaser, their favorite drink.

Great point has been made in recent years that no decent student body would countenance anything but simon-pure representation on the field, but I can testify that spirit was never higher at Lehigh than in those days when we slaughtered every team that had the stupidity to accept a game on our schedule. There were occasional losses but always to famous competitors, and I can still recall with a shudder the time Yale beat Lehigh, 7-6, to an accompaniment of snapping bones, crumpling collisions and skull-cracking assaults. Yale broke the leg of our quarterback, Chennoweth, as neatly as if it had been rehearsed, and one of our hired hands practically debauched the famous Cupid Black of Yale on an end-around play.

The students were in the stands, where they belonged, and out on the field was the finest team our limited resources could buy. We were proud, elated and satisfied. The athletes attended classes to sleep; the students were there with all their faculties intact. It was a perfect arrangement.



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and the only sour note came when we lost to another tramp-infested team that had paid a little more for its talent. But we had our great moments, and nobody who was there will ever forget the day at Annapolis when we murdered Navy for the first loss on their own field in six years. Not only did we defeat them, 14-0, but we hanged them about most meekly.

It was a glorious time, and starry-eyed freshmen followed their heroes in the streets with reverence. They were often disappointed to find that their hero of one season failed to return for the next, but when he was replaced by another enchanting monster their joy was unabated. There was the further pleasure of following the news stories of football games in remote regions and detecting from some peculiar quirk the presence of a former hero. When the story reported that the "mountainous redheaded McIntosh" had already blocked 12 punts for the University of the Ozarks, our eyes would light up with elation.

"That's old Buck Crouse!" we would cry happily.

This pleasure occupied us long after we had graduated from Lehigh and long after Lehigh had adopted an athletic purity policy of such dazling nature that the students stayed carefully away from Taylor Field lest they be blinded. Instead of watching the poor pitiful victims who now stumbled where giants once had trod, we remained in our homes with the hope of tracking down one of our old defenders. Texas was their last refuge and some of them were still playing out there 20 years after their Lehigh days. We concentrated on the fabulous McIntosh-Crouse, who ended his career at the Stephen F. Austin State Teachers College at Nacogdoches as A. K. Hammond, mountainous redheaded tackle, and candidate for All-America. This last was a fatal mistake by an over-zealous press agent, for it brought about the exposure of Mr. Hammond, who it seems had played at 12 different colleges, had five grandchildren and had forgotten his original name.

Through the years a few of us old ruffians have met at intervals to celebrate the wonderful old days, but I can't say that the occasion is ever very cheerful. We invariably end in tears. We try to make ourselves believe that emotion and nostalgia are the reasons for this, but it may be that we have gone a bit too far in reverence. We always give the toasts in rye with a beer chaser, a drink excellent for a tramp athlete but not for others. (E.N.B.)



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YESTERDAY

THE GREAT ROAD TEST

A handful of intrepid drivers in 1908 raced from New York to Paris via Siberia and proved the durability of the automobile

by JOHN DURANT

THEY'RE OFF IN RACE TO PARIS was the headline that greeted readers of *The New York Times* on Feb. 15, 1908, the morning after six automobiles had left Times Square and chugged up Broadway en route to Paris.

The betting was even money that not one car would reach Paris, for the automobile was still a novelty and had yet to be tested under the severe conditions that lay ahead. The plan of the race called for the crossing of the continent to San Francisco, whence cars would be shipped via Seattle to Valdez, Alaska; then motoring to Nome by road and getting across the Bering Strait by any means (possibly on the ice) to Siberia; and thence proceeding to Moscow, Berlin and Paris—a total of some 14,000 miles over unspaved roads.

In the field were three French cars, one Italian (a Zast), one German (a Protos) and the American entry, a four-cylinder, 60-hp Thomas Flyer. Largest of the lot was the 6,000-pound Protos; smallest was the 15-hp one-cylinder French Staines-Naudin, soon to peter out in upstate New York.

Each car carried a crew of three men equipped with heavy clothing for arctic wear and each car was laden with baggage and emergency gear.

Perched high in the front seat of the Thomas Flyer were Montague Roberts, a racing driver who died recently, and George Schuster, a mechanic.

The Thomas took an early lead, made Hudson, N.Y. (114 miles from Times Square) the first night and next day headed west for Chicago, bucking snowdrifts all the way. Worse than the snow was the "gumbo" mud of Iowa. It was here that the French Moto-Bloc got hopelessly mired, and quit. In Cheyenne an exhausted Roberts turned the Thomas over to Schuster and went home. Schuster reached San Francisco 12 days ahead of the field, 42 days out

of New York. He then shipped to Alaska but, finding the roads impassable, returned to Seattle.

He learned that the Germans, who had broken down in Idaho, had sent the Protos by flatcar to Seattle (thereby receiving a 15-day penalty) and had sailed with the French and Italian entries for Vladivostok. Schuster, however, was credited with 15 days for his effort to follow the planned route, and now had 30 days over the Germans.

He and the Thomas sailed for Kobe, Japan, crossed to Tsuruga under their own power and then shipped to Vladivostok where they caught up with the others on May 22. Just as the long trek to Paris (8,280 miles) was about to start, the remaining French car (De Dion) withdrew, and now there were only three. It soon became a two-car race, however, as the Zast fell behind.

The incredible thing is that any car made it, for they had to wander across hundreds of miles of roadless country, bore through vast swamps far worse than the gumbo of Iowa and even take to the tracks of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Once, on a 420-mile leg on the tracks, Schuster drove into a tunnel, heard a train approaching from the other end and backed out into the clear and over an embankment just in time.

The two cars played tag across Asia. Nearing Moscow the Americans had a one-day lead but the Thomas stripped its gears (at the third time) and was delayed five days. On July 30 the Americans rolled into Paris four days behind the Germans, but because of their 30-day allowance the Thomas Flyer was declared the official winner by 26 days. Only two men went all the way from New York to Paris—George Schuster and Lieutenant Koepfen of the Protos. But they proved, at last, the durability of the automobile. (ENR)

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"Champion" by PETER HELCK



The Artist at the Wheel

Peter Helck has put a lot of nostalgia into this painting. There's the model of his beloved "Old 16." Peter owns the actual car—the huge Locomobile racer that won the 1908 Vanderbilt Cup. That's a replica of the Cup next to the car. Highball glasses hail from Indianapolis Speedway.

The classic that completes the picture is, of course, Johnnie Walker Black Label . . . champion among champions. No other Scotch whisky in the world could be more at home among symbols of a great tradition.



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